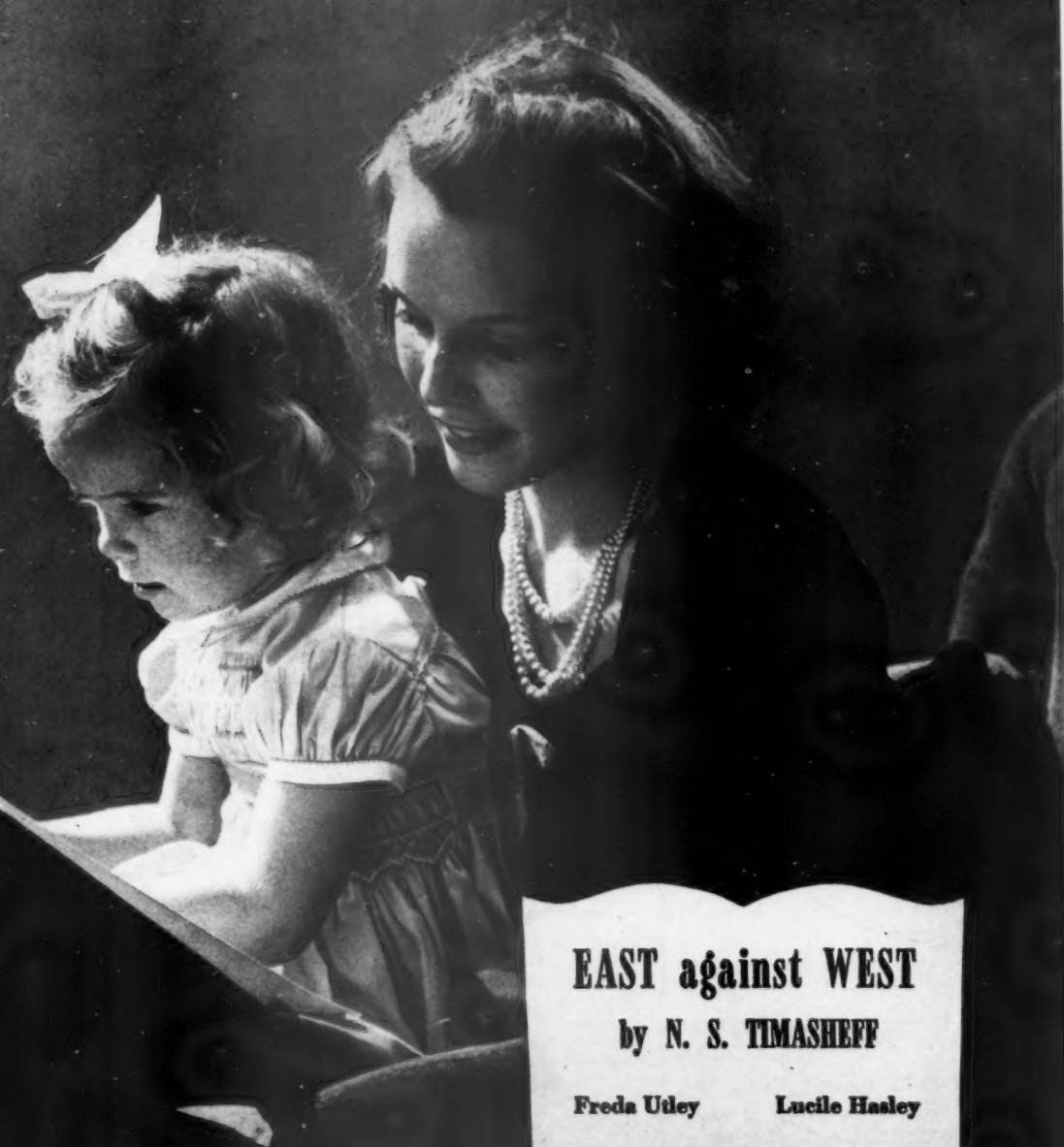


The Sign National Catholic Magazine

May 25¢



EAST against WEST

by N. S. TIMASHEFF

Freda Utley

Lucile Hasley

"The Mother's Heart is the Child's School"

MAY

*The Month
of Mary*



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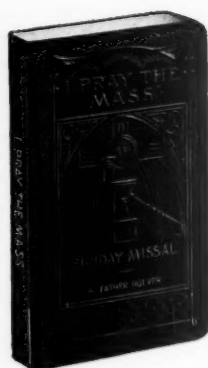
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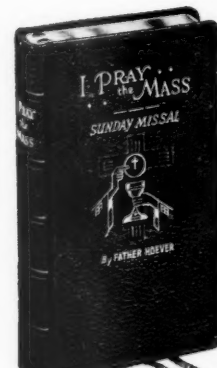
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Hugh Dormer's Diaries is chiefly remarkable, not as a story of the sensational adventures and escapes of a young officer in the Irish Guards, but for the portrait it gives us of an idealistic young soldier, poetic, religious, selfless, and determined on every onslaught of fear to live up to his family motto: "What God wills I will."

June Selection of Catholic Book Club

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THE VEIL UPON THE HEART

By Rev. G. Byrne, S.J.

When loves dies in a man we call him heartless—and his conduct brutal, for such it becomes. The fingers of egoism have woven about his heart an impenetrable veil of lovelessness. Only one thing can remove that veil—the touch of Him Who is Love. The purpose of these chapters is to help us to get in contact with that touch.

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OTHER CHRISTS

Conferences at a Priests' Retreat

By Father Aloysius, O.F.M.Cap.

No aspect of the life of the pastoral clergy is here overlooked. His prayer and meditation, his daily Mass and the Divine Office, his relations with his people, and especially with the sick of his parish, his dangers and his contact with sin, are all set forth in these conferences with skilful insight and sympathetic understanding.—*The Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

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ST. TERESA OF JESUS

By Rev. R. P. Silverio de Santa Teresa, O.D.C.

Those who have no time for lengthy Teresian biographies will find this volume a means of becoming acquainted in a few hours, with the life and doings of this great writer, who as woman and saint, has acquired a universal reputation seldom equalled in the domain of Christian spirituality.

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THE INTERIOR CASTLE OR THE MANSIONS

By St. Teresa of Jesus

Saint Teresa's avowed intention in writing her book on "The Mansions" of the soul (Las Moradas), was to help her daughters to realize the part God would play in their prayers if they were faithful. This translation has been asked for by Carmelite Superiors. Its object is to provide a very simple book, shorn of explanations, and of all but references, so that the work may speak as it stands, as it was primarily presented to the first Discalced Carmelite nuns of old Spain.

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LETTERS



Catholic Schools

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Your article "Catholics and the Schools" by Mayor David L. Lawrence was a splendid exposition of the place of the parochial school in the educational system of the nation, as well as of the tremendous importance of educational development if our way of life is to survive.

LESSING WHITFORD WILLIAMS

New York, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The article, "Catholics and the Schools," by David Lawrence in the February issue of THE SIGN is by far the most sensible article I have ever read on the subject. Will it be reprinted in pamphlet form?

CLARA DOHERTY

Missoula, Montana

Father Peyton

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Have followed your "Radio" page in the "New Sign" for the last few months. Enjoy your reviews very much.

However, I feel that you have made a few slips by omission. I have yet to see mention of that excellent program "Family Theater" which is on the air Thursday evening. This enlightening program is directed by Father Peyton and certainly deserves a write-up.

DONALD W. BURNS

Minneapolis, Minn.

Green of A.F. of L.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was glad to note the favorable comment made by the Editor relating to the proposal I made to the Senate Banking Committee a short time ago.

WILLIAM GREEN

President of the A. F. of L.
Washington, D. C.

Correspondence

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A young English lady appeals for American pen friends interested in the Catholic Youth Movement, ages from seventeen to thirty-five, to correspond with young German Youth Leaders. So Catholic Actionists, here is your chance to do some real good and give encouragement where it is very much needed. For further particulars, apply to Miss Margaret Vlies, Catholic Action Girls Organization, 22 Bramham Gardens, London, S.W.5, England.

JOHN J. MCCARTHY

Mitchelstown, Co. Cork, Eire

Fiction

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Stories like Maxine Wood's "The Rich Mrs. Hoyt" in the March issue burn me up. If the lady was so crazy about children and had the means to support them, why didn't she adopt some?

E. M. WALSH

El Paso, Texas

Arnold Lunn

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was so impressed with the Lunn article that I read it twice. I have always admired him since he was a leading Protestant.

MARION EDWARD KONTER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Day in a Woman's Life"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I must put in a protest concerning the story in the February issue entitled "A Day in A Woman's Life" by Sheila Kaye-Smith.

If I had read it in a non-Catholic magazine it would not have surprised me. What I objected to was that the girl in the story was keeping company with a man for three years who had no intentions of marrying her. She was going to break her relations with him but didn't do so.

Now, I give THE SIGN to others to read. Don't you think they might come to the conclusion that it was all right to accept kisses from a man whether they got married or not?

(MISS) MARY E. LEE

Manchester, N. H.

The Sign Post

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I take this opportunity to congratulate THE SIGN and those responsible for its publication. It is without doubt one of the finest Catholic magazines in circulation today. The articles, short stories, and features are timely and most interesting, and I find the Sign Post particularly enlightening. Best wishes for THE SIGN's continued success.

FRANCIS A. SULLIVAN

Hempstead, N. Y.

Marshall Plan

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Just a short note of appreciation for the beautiful and forceful article, entitled "The Marshall Plan Without Spain," which appeared in your March issue.

GERALD PATRICK KEOUGH

Kamloops, B. C., Canada

Motion Pictures

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Moving pictures are a fertile source of false principles in the field of faith and morals. Many of them, even when listed as "unobjectionable for adults" contain implicit principles that are dangerous and offensive to Christian culture and morality. For example, "the right to love" which is usually equivalent to license to commit evil. Again, "so long as we are in love nothing else matters."

I suggest that you ask your readers to list the false and pernicious principles that come to their attention when attending motion picture shows and have them how why they are false and evil.

I read your magazine with great interest and usually take my cue about pictures from your reviewer, Jerry Cotter.

KARL SEMMING

West New York, N. J.

Catholics and Olympics

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Cardinal Griffin has founded a Catholic Reception Committee in London and placed Bishop Craven, Auxiliary of Westminster, as its Chairman. The object of the Committee is to give hospitality to Catholic visitors to Britain. It will not take any part in arranging for them to come to this country, but when they are here will endeavor to put them in contact with Catholic families, clubs, societies, etc.

A special sub-committee is to deal with visitors to the Olympic Games this summer. This sub-committee wants to get in contact

(Continued on Page 63)

The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

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Vol. 27



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EDITOR'S PAGE

Selective Service or UMT?

SINCE Soviet Russia understands only the language of force, it is essential that we re-create our military power at the earliest possible moment. To fail to do so would be an open invitation to the Reds to continue their course of conquest.

The point at issue is the manner in which we are to secure the necessary manpower for the armed services. It would appear now that voluntary enlistments are inadequate and that we must resort either to the draft or so-called selective service, or to universal military training, or to both systems at once.

Now, if the draft or universal military training or both together should prove necessary no one could rightfully object. There is nothing intrinsically evil in such military training or service, and certainly it would be a small price to pay for our own freedom and for the survival of countries threatened by the Red armies.

But we submit that there is no need to get hysterical about the present crisis and to make unnecessary and perhaps erroneous decisions on matters that will affect our welfare for generations to come. While there may be sufficient reason for reviving selective service, no convincing arguments have been advanced for initiating UMT.

There is a vast difference between the two systems, and we think it of the utmost importance to keep this in mind. The draft or selective service is primarily a temporary wartime or emergency measure and is for present needs or those of the immediate future. It would require the registration of all men within certain age limits, and from those registered selective service boards would select the number needed by the armed services.

UMT is for training rather than service and is destined to supply military needs several years later. Under this system, every young man would be registered at a certain age and would be obliged to devote a year to military training. These young men would then constitute a reserve that could be called into service in time of need.

Unless it is demonstrably necessary, we think it better to avoid any compulsory system of training or recruiting. But even if compulsion is used in the form of selective service, it does not follow that we must also have UMT. It appears to us that the advocates of the latter are taking advantage of the present crisis to sell their militaristic ideas to Congress and the

American people. And even if they fail now they will be back again later, for they are a persistent people.

Without veterans of the recent war, the draft would register 3,600,000 men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five. Accepting Secretary of Defense Forrestal's figures for the size of the regular services, the needed recruits could easily be secured from those registered—even making ample allowance for exemptions and deferments.

Furthermore, the need is immediate and must be supplied now—not three or four years from now. UMT would be of no help for three or four years. In the meantime we would have to use about 180,000 officers and enlisted men, plus 45,000 civilians, plus billions of dollars to train 850,000 youths a year who might never be needed for the armed services.

WE are strongly convinced that every other approach to the problem should be tried before compulsion in any form is used. An extremely powerful air force would be expensive but would reduce the number of men needed in other branches; it is better to expend money rather than manpower if the same results can be achieved.

Furthermore, we should not act as if we had the sole responsibility for defending the world against the Communist threat. It would be stupid of us to build up a vast army here in America, three or four thousand miles from the scene of possible conflict, if through lend lease or similar aid we can help the countries of Western Europe to equip armies on the spot. With materiel received from us and with the aid of ERP to improve their economic situation, these countries should be able to utilize their vast supply of manpower more quickly and effectively than we can hope to do.

Unless we are watchful we shall find that the advocates of UMT will succeed in imposing on the American people an alien system which would make peacetime military training the biggest, the most expensive, the most wasteful and perhaps the most dangerous institution in our American life.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current



Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS

In Pictures



Acme

Bernard Lee of Washington, D.C. shines up the old sign. If the military men are correct, then selective service should be enforced. However, we see no immediate need for UMT.

And

In Print

To the other housewives in Nazareth Mary was just an unusually beautiful mother with an unusually beautiful child. They could hardly be expected to fathom the mysteriousness of her love for that Child.

Mary's Message on Mother's Day

Never was a mother's purely human love for her child so warm or so tender. Yet Mary did not love Jesus merely as her own flesh and blood. She saw Him always as the Christ, the Anointed of the Father; and she knew that her Child was literally adorable.

When her Babe was yet unborn and she felt His body growing daily beneath her virginal heart, she was rejoicing in His power to please the Father. When she fed Jesus at her maternal breast, she knew she was nourishing the body of humanity's High Priest, who would one day offer a perfect sacrifice to God. When she clasped her Boy to her frightened girlish heart and fled into Egypt from the insane jealousy of a wordly king, she was more than a mother saving her child; she was the protectress of God's Christ, the hope of the world. Whether she was delighting in a young Boy's play or gazing proudly on the finished work of an expert Carpenter, Mary never lost sight of her Son's mission among men. And only the colossal love of a heart as strong as it was pure could one day enable a widowed mother to lay aside her deepest motherly longings and bid a brave good-by to a Son leaving for a missionary tour which she knew would end on a cross. From Bethlehem to Calvary Mary was not absorbed merely with the human loveliness of Jesus; she was enthralled by His divine vocation to be the life-giving Christ.

On a day when all America pays tribute to motherhood, Mary has a message for Christian mothers, who in turn have a message for the world. And Mary's message is this: every Christian mother should have two kinds of love for her child just as she had two kinds of love for our Lord. It is not enough for a Christian mother to love her child as an image of herself and her husband; she must above all love it as an image of Christ. She can never afford to forget that the big business in her child's life is not to be always the picture of health, to be as well dressed as the little girl next door, to get a college degree, or to make a desirable marriage; her child's main work in life is to be a sharer in Christ's vocation to "do always the things that are pleasing to the Father." And if she doesn't prepare the child for this work, she is a failure—perhaps a failure who fails because she loves too humanly.

The same American mother who will be honored on Mother's Day with pink and white carnations, greeted with blue-ribboned gift packages, and serenaded on the radio with sentimental ballads has also been accused at times of being an overprotective, child-spoiling "Mom." She has been pictured as a doting worshiper at the shrine of her child's smallest whim. The picture is a caricature, but it is not without some admixture of truth. In some circles it almost amounts to a confession of failure if a mother has to ask her children to



Religious News Service

A group of English college students make a pilgrimage of reparation to Our Lady of Walsingham. With Christ being crucified in our state colleges, we might very well imitate them.



Heavy machinery and other potential war equipment is shown being loaded on a Russian freighter. Jersey Catholic War Vets justly protested. Remember the scrap iron sent to Japan?



International Photos
Herbert Parsius of Commerce Dept. decides what may be sent to Russia. In view of recent complaints, it is interesting to know that he was appointed by former Secretary Wallace!

make some sacrifices in life. But a mother who sees her children as living replicas of Christ will know that she cannot protect and develop that Christliness by foolishly trying to absorb all sacrifice from their lives. Like Mary, her human love will be disciplined by divine wisdom; and she will be a mother fashioned after God's perfect pattern.

Western Europe Without Spain

If one values his reputation as a democrat with liberal leanings, if one abhors being thought of as a reactionary in the field of international politics, then the one thing he may not do is champion the cause of justice for Spain. To intimate that any injustice may have been done her is to set off a chorus of voices making loud public confession of Franco's sins. While positively to state that injustice has been done to Spain, and no doubt about it, is to expose oneself to mental, if not physical, mayhem. For the anger of the Francophobes knows no moderation of reason and no norm of international morality.

The House of Representatives found this out on April Fool's Day when it was forced to reverse its 149-52 decision to designate Spain as eligible to participate in the European Recovery Program. Spain was eliminated because, on pressure from the White House, the State Department, and the Senate, it was reasoned that her acceptance as a participant in ERP depended upon the will of the Marshall Plan nations. And all over the country it was pointed out that for America to try to include Spain would be to lay us open to the charge that the ERP is an instrument of American imperialism, that to prepare for war with the Soviet Union we are willing to collaborate with all Fascist and reactionary regimes in order to establish American military bases abroad. It may have been the House's timing was poor, so close was it to the Italian elections. But the resulting about-face demonstrates how effective a job Leftist propaganda has done in blackening Spain. Even the War Department was powerless, though it knows our security demands Spanish friendship.

There is one charge to which American policy certainly is vulnerable: no one can accuse us of consistency. And if anyone desires documentary proof of this, just consult the Zionists or the Arab League. Possibly some may remember that when the Marshall Plan was first enunciated, it was couched in nonpolitical terms. Indeed, that was its whole genius. It removed the reconstruction of Europe from the political stalemates of East vs. West. In effect, Secretary Marshall was saying, "All you countries of Europe, forget about politics and treaties. Let them come later. But right now, take inventory of your needs and resources to reconstruct your lands. Make a survey of what you can do and what you will need. Then get together, tally the results, and let us know how the balance sheet reads. Then, within reason and within the limitations of our wealth, we will come to your aid."

Possibly some may remember that the Marshall words gave new hope to a moribund continent. Britain and France immediately called upon all European nations to accept the proposal. They called upon all except Spain. Democracy was not the criterion for admittance—for they called on Russia herself to join. Dictatorship was not an obstacle—they called on Yugoslavia and Bulgaria and Rumania. They called on former enemies and former neutrals. But they left Spain out.

A year later, now that the ERP is launched, we are told the only beneficiaries of the Marshall Plan shall be the democratic forces of Europe who shall serve as a breakwall against Communism. The Marshall Plan now takes on the aspects of a definitely political instrument which in time will become military as well.

No matter which concept is objectively the most wise—the original nonpolitical, the current political, or the future mili-

ary concept—if it is the reconstruction of Europe for peace that is desired, then there is no sufficient reason for the deliberate omission of Spain. Economically and strategically, Spain is an essential part of Europe. And politically, if it is Communism that is feared today, then Spain is the charter member of the anti-Communist comelatelys. The issue of Franco is merely so much dust flung in our eyes to blind us to the real motives for Spain's exclusion—the bitter hate every Communist feels for the government and the people who alone have defeated in battle the cruel plans of Moscow. One need not be pro-Franco or anti-Franco when it comes down to the question of doing justice to a brave and a long-suffering people. Nor need one be a reactionary to say it is not fair to pour out billions to reconstruct Europe, even the peoples of Europe who took up arms against us a few short years ago, and stubbornly to strike Spain from the list.

WITHOUT dimming the credit that is due the present Congress for underwriting the European Recovery Program and for tackling the problem of military preparedness, one can

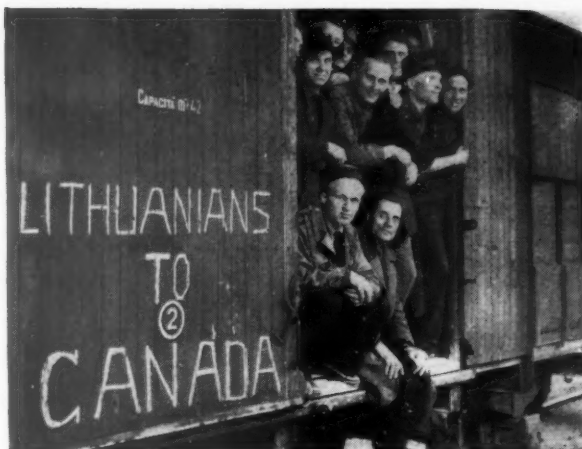
And yet more Inflation

scarcely criticize too harshly its ineptness in striving to cope with the domestic tragedy of still-increasing inflation. Last November President Truman sought inflation controls. At that time he asserted they were essential if there was not to be genuine suffering in the United States because of economic want. In November the cost of living index stood at the seeming peak of 164.9. Congress has not done one solitary thing to curb effectively the steady rise of prices. In March the index reached 167.5. It is still rising. And Congress is still doing nothing. Indeed, Congress added impetus by reducing income taxes.

Those who would seek to readjust the trend are woefully mistaken if they think that the third round of labor's wage demands is at fault. This magazine has much too often been accused of being almost blindly pro-labor. Yet even though we ourselves at this juncture are exceedingly hampered in producing our magazine because of a printer's strike in which we are involved only at second hand, even though because of this strike we are paying premium prices to put out any magazine at all, even though at this time it might be understandable were we to reconsider our stand on labor, still we can scarcely ignore the simple facts of social justice. As of June last year the Department of Labor stated that a "living" wage for an urban worker with a wife and two minor children would be about \$63.00 a week. Adjusting that figure for the increased cost of living since then, the weekly pay envelope should contain about \$68.00. Yet the Labor Department figure was not keyed to the *desired* standard of living for an American family of four. It was based on what it considered to be "adequate"—e.g., to provide \$20.00 a year for medical supplies, a visit to the dentist by each member of the family every two years, three local telephone calls a week, a table model radio every nine years, and so on.

Now in the light of this, when newspapers headlined in April the findings of the National City Bank of New York City to the effect that the net corporation profits in American industry (based on reports from 3,102 corporations) showed an increase of 37 per cent over 1946, no one is going to convince American workers that their third round demands are unreasonable.

And yet with the impact of the Marshall Plan buying on our economy, with the adverse effects of the coal strike, and with military procurement looming in the near distance, all of which are inflationary, it is elemental common sense that a check must be devised, and soon. Anything as drastic as wartime regimentation certainly does not seem indicated. But just as certainly the six-point plan of the President's Economic Council, advanced early last month, should be



Lithuanians on their way to Canada. 13,000 DP's have already settled there. With their Christian heritage and knowledge of agriculture, they would be an asset to rural America.



The young lady at phone is Nancy Norman, ballet dancer, just back from an engagement in Moscow. "Over there," she said, "Henry Wallace is No. 1 pin-up boy." Birds of a feather, etc.



This is just one of the 11,000 new homes being built in Puerto Rico. The plan calls for 100 a week! 550 have already been completed. If the Puerto Ricans can do it why can't we?

Acme Photos



Three Lions

An Italian worker reads a pro-Communist paper though his room is covered with religious pictures. He, like many others, has been misled by the Soviet promise of freedom of religion.



Acme

The Holy Father leaves the loggia of St. Peter's after addressing a crowd of 200,000 people. The Pope reminds all of us that today the issue is clear-cut: Christ or Antichrist.

translated into law—even the emergency powers to impose selected price and wage controls, rationing and allocation of scarce materials should the need arise. New stresses and strains are being imposed on our economy at a time when there is no slack to be taken up, when employment and production are already at a peak. To cope with these new inflationary forces there must be equivalent emergency powers in the hands of the Executive. It is up to Congress to provide them.

It is a time-honored philosophical truth that moral virtue walks serenely on a middle road. On either side of the middle road are two misleading bypaths, called excess and defect. Early in April, when discussing his Federal-Aid-to-Education Bill, Senator Taft fought

A Mistaken "Middle Way"

against two proposed amendments on the principle that the Senate should follow "the safe middle way." But Mr. Taft's "middle way" was not the middle way on which the virtue of distributive justice walks. It was an unfortunate failure to make sure that federal expenditures are equitably distributed in the interests of all groups bearing a communal burden and entitled to a communal aid.

Mr. Taft's claim to being on the middle way happened thus. The day before the Senate passed the Taft Bill, Senator Donnell of Missouri tried to get through an amendment which would forbid the aided states to use federal money in behalf of private or parochial schools. The amendment was defeated by a vote of 80 to 5. The next day Senator Brien McMahon of Connecticut made an effort to provide that where state laws forbade public aid to parochial schools, such schools could apply directly for a share in the federal help. His amendment was also defeated by a vote of 66 to 14. Mr. Taft argued that his Bill was in "the safe middle way" because it allows the states to follow their own laws in the matter of distributing aid. This amounts to arguing that because one man wants to force all the states to be unjust and another wants to prevent any state from being unjust, a third man who says it is all right for some of the states to be unjust is thereby in the middle road of virtue.

Mr. McMahon made a good point when he said, "The federal policy behind this whole proposal is to help the children of this country. It is not to help the states. It is not to help the school systems *per se*. It is to help the children." There are some 2,151,000 children in Catholic elementary schools. Their parents are paying taxes to support the public schools, while saving the government millions of dollars by sending their children to schools of their own choice. These children should share in any federal effort to improve educational opportunities. And it is hoped that the Taft Bill will be properly amended before it gets the approval of the House.

Notice to Subscribers

Due to labor difficulties beyond our control and in which THE SIGN is not directly involved, the present issue contains fewer than the usual number of pages. We are sorry to have been forced to make this curtailment. How long it will be necessary and whether even further cuts will be forced on us depends on negotiations now in progress and in which we are not a party.

Variations in the appearance of this issue are due to the fact the type was set up in various union shops where our usual type faces were not available.

I WAS A COMMUNIST

by DOUGLAS HYDE



Douglas Hyde — for twenty years an active Communist

This is the exclusive account for American readers told by the News Editor of the British "Daily Worker" of why he decided to become a Catholic

POLITICAL disillusionment and sanctifying grace have combined to change me from an almost life-long Communist to one who is now seeking admission to the Catholic Church.

For twenty years I had been an active member of the Communist Party, from the time I was just under eighteen years of age, in fact. For eight years I had been an executive of the British Communist Party's only daily paper, the *Daily Worker*; for the last five I had been its news editor.

I started out at the age of seventeen to study theology (I was to be a Methodist missionary in India), but before the year was out I had joined my first Communist organization. Now I am back full circle again, but this time as a Catholic.

But you can't spend all those years working, thinking, living as a Communist and come back just as you set out. I have left behind me a trail of good, promising people I got to sign up as Party members in the past; they include

people who today are writers, local councilors, prospective Parliamentary candidates, in their turn influencing others as I influenced them. I have brought with me to Catholicism a knowledge of the British trade union and labor movement and of Communism such as only the news editor of a Communist daily could get, a habit of thinking quickly as the world situation twists and turns—and a knowledge that I have a great deal of evil to undo before I can hope to get rid of my guilty conscience.

There were plenty of things in the Communist Party of 1928 to appeal to a thoughtful youth possessed of his full share of idealism. I was interested in India—the Indian Nationalist movement was capturing the imagination of quite a lot of people on both sides of the Atlantic—and the Communist Party in Great Britain was fighting for the Indian people's independence.

I wanted to identify myself with the poor, the downtrodden, the victimized

and persecuted. The Communist Party appeared to me to fight for all these. Like most youths I wanted to break free from convention—and the Communist Party was certainly unconventional. I wanted a new world, and the Communists had one to offer. I was attracted by these people who, in a world which appeared to be drifting along, knew exactly where they were going and how they were going to get there.

It was exciting to learn that the Russian Revolution, about which as a tiny child I had heard horrific stories was, despite what the spoon-fed public believed, the great hope of the world. It was exciting, too, learning that all the old habits of thought must be thrown overboard; that the old preoccupation with right and wrong was simply cant; that only what served the class struggle really mattered and by this all things could be judged.

There was a brand new, complete, and it appeared, wholly satisfying philosophy of life to be acquired; abstruse

economic theories to be studied, and action, positive action, action without ceasing, on behalf of the cause.

Some or all of those things which attracted me attract the average Communist Party member too. They are by no means entirely bad in themselves, and those who join the Party are, many of them, good types brought in on the appeal of qualities equally good.

The sin of the Fascists was that they organized the lowest and the worst on the behalf of a bad cause. The sin of the Communists, however, is a greater one; they take some of the most active and intelligent of the working class, the most promising of the intelligentsia and pervert them; they take the best qualities which are in all too small supply today and distort them, using them for ends which are evil. Communists, I believe, are definitely convertible. The trouble begins when Catholics assume that Communism is likewise convertible.

All over Europe today Catholics are discovering, too late, that the Communism which they swore had so much that was good in it and which they attempted to work with is now engulfing them. And where Communism is victorious there can be nothing for Catholicism but persecution with final extinction as its aim.

If Communism in its aims is evil, why then do men of good faith remain so long in the Party? In order to answer this from my own experience let me return to my story.

The early thirties were an exciting time for any Communist. Although never unemployed for long myself, most of my activities in that period were on behalf of the unemployed who congregated daily at the labor exchanges seeking the jobs which never came. Always there was too much to do. Demonstrations for bread, work, or relief. Baton charges by the police, broken heads, arrests. The arrests meant new demonstrations on behalf of the "class war prisoners"—and a new round of court cases, imprisonment, and demonstrations began all over again.

We talked of the deepening crisis of capitalism, and one of our leading theoreticians wrote a book he called *This Final Crisis*. Out of all the misery and degradation which accompanied the economic slump, we believed, would come increased political understanding on the part of the workers, leading to support for revolutionary policies and, who knew?—before long the revolution. The revolution became an end in itself. About what followed after, each had his own ideas. We used catchwords and slogans—justice, liberty, the future classless society, the emancipation of mankind, and the ending of the exploitation of man by man.

But what we meant by them was

known only to each of us individually. Each poured his own content into the mold. For me, socialist Britain was going to be much more the socialism of William Morris, the artist-craftsman-revolutionary, than of Marx. None of us, I believe, really thought that it would be simply modeled on Russian lines.

There were idealists who, lacking any Marxist theory, had only to visit the Soviet Union to be disillusioned. Most Communists, however, understood the undesirable features of the Russian system and forgave, remembering that Czarist Russia was one hundred years



Religious News Service
The author with his daughter
Rowena, who is already baptized

behind the West in culture and totally without democratic traditions. When Communism came to the West it would be enriched by Western traditions and culture, it would become less soulless, more colorful.

Then the threat of war set the whole of industry once more in motion, and the Communist Party established itself in the factories. "Every factory a fortress" was the slogan and, if the economic crisis had receded, a new and more serious one appeared to be descending upon capitalism.

In the days before the tactic of the popular front we had talked frankly of the possibilities which accompanied imperialist war. "Workers will turn war into civil war" was the catchword which summed it up. And so, without having to state it in public now, we knew that once again the overthrow of the capitalist state might possibly present itself, and with this in mind the Party organized in the factories and, later, in the armed forces.

The U.S.S.R.'s corrupt deal with Nazi Germany seemed only a clever piece of military and political expediency (although it lost the Party some of its intellectuals at the time), and since ex-

pediency or inexpediency, and not right or wrong, is the Marxist test, there was nothing surprising in this. To support the war we had formerly opposed was natural enough when Russia was attacked. It might mean the postponement of a showdown farther West, but now it was a question of defending the one strong point in the hands of the international revolutionary working class. And if Russia won, then new opportunities might arise.

So every Communist assisted Russia in every possible way. In industry it meant harder work, increased production; in the forces, impatience to go into action in Europe; at home, a great agitation for the opening of a second front. That is the way Communists as a body must always be expected to behave where Russian interests are involved.

Under the circumstances, Soviet spy rings are almost an extravagance, for every Communist feels a greater loyalty to Russia as the focal point of the revolution than to anything else and will quite naturally act on Russia's behalf no matter what his work or what his responsibilities.

Just when my own doubts and disillusionment began it is somewhat difficult to say. As a writer I got involved five years ago in a libel action with the *Weekly Review*, a Catholic paper and, in preparation for what was expected to be an important political case, studied its files back over a period of months and scanned each issue as it came out, determined to know my opponent's case as fully as possible.

But that Catholic paper in time taught me quite a lot. My cultural interests had always been with the Middle Ages: in poetry, Chaucer and Langland, in architecture, Norman and Gothic; in music, plainsong and Gregorian chants. The *Weekly Review* brought home to me the fact that the Middle Ages were those when men still loved God and that that was the reason for the great outpouring of the human soul of that period; that their culture was a Catholic culture and that the Catholic Church today was the sole custodian of that grand and ancient culture.

For a leading Communist writer to start thinking that way was absolute heresy, and I had to put my medievalism into a separate, watertight compartment of my mind in sheer self-defense. The position was reached in time where I had to admit to myself that I was looking forward to the morning when the messenger boy put the latest issue of that little Catholic paper on my desk.

Maybe a psychologist would readily understand why, in the following period I worked harder than ever for the Party I had served so long. But the fact is that the seed was sown. From the *Weekly Review* I went back quite naturally to

SONG FOR THE CHASTELY WED

by Clifford J. Laube

*Adam and Noah and Abraham
Seeded both lily and rose;
Yet only the lily shall follow the Lamb
Whithersoever He goes.
Virginal lily and nuptial rose,
Grafted on Jesse's stem:
The lilies shall go wherever He goes;
The roses will follow them.*

G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc and reread them in a new light. I discovered Eric Gill, whose sculpture I knew, as a writer too, and the things for which these men stood were attractive.

When the Red Army went marching through Eastern Europe into Germany, the countless dead they left behind inspired me—but the living who reached Berlin troubled me a lot. It was true that in the main they came from the less industrialized and therefore more backward parts of Russia, true too that many of the stories filtering back to Britain were obviously exaggerated. But those Red Army men, raping and looting like any other victorious army, took a lot of explaining away. The only way to deal with such stories in the *Daily Worker* was frankly to admit the backwardness of the areas from which the Red Army was drawn, but this, however, blew sky-high a lot of our prewar propaganda—despite all the allowances we had made for Russia's political shortcomings.

With the ending of the war my doubts grew. Russia's policy of intransigence at U.N., and at one conference after another, seemed at first to be but an expression of the usual hard bargaining one expects after wars, but soon it was clear that it was being driven to a point where, instead of uniting the human race, Communism was dividing it both horizontally and vertically.

Events in Eastern Europe were extremely disturbing too. Having said for over a quarter of a century that Communism cannot be exported, it must be home grown, Russia began busily to export it in a big way to the countries where the Red Army or the N.K.V.D. still had the last word.

There were less than three hundred Communist Party members in Rumania, I knew, when the first postwar government was formed. Over night, as in the other countries in Eastern Europe, it was permitted to grow into a mass party organizing every sort of ex-Fascist, yes-man, adventurer, careerist, and log-roller—strange material from which to build a new society, indeed.

Our reporters went from the *Daily Worker* to the various Russian-dominated countries and in due course reported back to the paper's executives on what they had seen. Their reports ap-

peared to thrill my colleagues—they became increasingly shattering to me. I had started saying for the first time for many years, "This thing is morally indefensible," "That is utterly wrong." Quite clearly I was losing my grip as a Marxist.

I thanked Heaven I was not the foreign editor, responsible for "selling" Eastern Europe and Soviet foreign policy to the British public. As it was, as news editor I was responsible for organizing the coverage of home events.

We were still seeking a way out of Britain's postwar economic problems, still driving hard for increased production, which had been the Party line since Russia was brought into the war. I was responsible for the paper's production drive and proud of the job I was doing. Only that made my position on the paper at all tenable.

Then the Cominform was set up, and after some time the new line came through to the British Party leaders. We were to oppose the Marshall Plan and drop our support for increased production. Literally overnight the job we were doing was dropped; a new, exactly opposite campaign was started in its place. I knew then that it was only a matter of time before I made the final break.

Meanwhile, I had become increasingly confirmed in my support for Catholic teaching. From being attracted by a rich Catholic culture I was now ranging over all aspects of Catholic thought.

Then came the night when I admitted to myself that I believed in everything connected with Catholicism—except the first necessary premise, belief in God,

which Communism had long since destroyed in me. I decided that only an act of faith could take me past that point. You cannot read or think yourself into such belief. Call it actual grace, call it what you will, it worked.

We had our two children baptized in the local Catholic church in January while I was still an executive on the Communist daily paper. We started instruction at the same time—with one eye over our shoulders in case members of the Communist local should see us visiting the priest.

Leaving the movement in which I had spent my adult life to date meant a big break—with friends and with a cause which was once my life. The death of Jan Masaryk made that break, I felt, urgent and necessary.

There was a qualitative difference between Czechoslovakia and the rest of Eastern Europe. The Czechs had enjoyed a high level of culture and a democratic system. There was no excuse for any form of police state in Czechoslovakia. Yet it came, despite the Czech Communist leaders' own attempts to find a new way which took account of their people's traditions. It came because any more democratic form of Communism would be a reproach to Rumania, Bulgaria, and the rest, so the Czech leaders were made to toe the line. Czechoslovakia was forced into the same Moscow-manufactured mold as the rest—a foretaste of what will happen in any other Western country which "goes Communist."

In the last resort I believe it is now a question of Christianity or Communism. They cannot co-exist. Either we sink to the immoral depths or we rediscover that Faith and culture and those spiritual values which once bound diverse nations together into a single whole called Christendom.

But the conquest of Communism will have to be achieved by positive Catholic action, not simply by negative anti-Communism, and least of all by the atom bomb, for Bolshevism thrives on misery and devastation.

► At a recent medical convention in Atlantic City, two doctors who had not met since their student days were exchanging information on their present status in the profession.

One of the medicos stated that he was now a nerve specialist.

His friend was interested. "Have you been successful?" he asked.

"I guess I have," the other answered. "When I discharged my last patient he asked me to lend him fifty dollars!"

—Robert E. Quinn





HAROLD LAMBERT PHOTO
The recent Supreme Court decision poses urgent problems regarding the religious instruction of our children

ON February 10 of the year 1947, the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Justice Black reading the decision, declared by a vote of five to four, that it was not unconstitutional for the State of New Jersey to reimburse Catholic parents for the bus fares their children paid riding to parochial schools. However, in the course of his majority opinion, Mr. Black took occasion to say that the Constitution does forbid "laws which aid one religion, aid all religions, or prefer one religion to another" and all taxes which are levied "to support any religious activities, whatever they may be called, or whatever form they may adopt to *teach or practice* religion."

On March 8 of the year 1948, the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Justice Black again reading the decision, declared by a vote of eight to one that it was unconstitutional for the school board of Champaign, Illinois, to allow its public-school premises to be used by the local Council on Religion to give religious teaching on "released

time." Mr. Black's grounds for the decision were the double prohibition which he had said in the New Jersey bus decision the Constitution lays on the States.

Now more than two million children in public schools in three thousand communities in forty-six States have been receiving religious instruction in one form or other of released time. The vast majority of these children are Protestants. Their parents and religious leaders were stupefied by this sudden blow to a rather new institution which was flourishing all over the country and gave promise of contributing a real good to the nation. It was widely noted that the case had been brought by a lady in Champaign who styles herself an atheist.

To most people the case had all the earmarks of a first-class mystery. Where in the Constitution, it was widely asked, does it say that such "aid" to religion is forbidden by it? How did a big majority of the Supreme Court arrive at such a conclusion? Let us, therefore, take

No Religion in

it as a mystery story and do a little detective work on it. Let us go back through the course of events and see how this came about.

The first clue we get is that Mr. Black in both of his decisions, one favorable, one adverse, to religion, alleged in support of his position the First Amendment to the U. S. Constitution. What, then, does this Amendment say? It says: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." And this is all it says, as far as religion goes.

What, then, does the First Amendment mean? To find that out we should have to go back through what is called its legislative history: the form it had when it was first introduced, the debates that took place on it, the amendments it underwent, the final form it took as agreed upon by both Houses of Congress. That is a long story, and there is no room for it here. I have told that story elsewhere (in *The First Freedom*), but I can briefly summarize it.

From all the historical evidence available, this much is certain. The Amendment, in the minds of those who introduced it, of those who voted for it in Congress, and of those who ratified it in the States, meant just two things: the Federal Congress shall have no power to favor by law one religion over another, and it shall have no power to impose any one religion on a man's conscience. In other words, it meant equality of all religions before the law, and liberty of all men's consciences before the law. There can be no historical doubt whatever that this is what it means.

Perhaps the best single authority we can produce for this is James Madison himself, the man who first introduced it and saw it through all the six or seven amendments it underwent before its wording was entirely satisfactory. During the debate Madison said that he apprehended the meaning of the words to be "that Congress should not establish a religion, and enforce the legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience." Nothing could be clearer than that, could it?

But this only deepens the mystery. The Amendment as it stands, whatever it means, obviously puts a restraint only

in the Schools?

The McCollum case has startled the nation. Here is an expert analysis of its legal history

by WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

on the Federal Congress; it leaves the States free to do what they liked about establishing a church. As a matter of fact, several of the States had an established church then, and some of them continued to have one for many years after. It was clearly understood that the First Amendment bound only the Federal Government. How, then, does Mr. Black say that it binds the States and even local school boards?

The clue to this lies in the fact that in 1868, as an aftermath of the Civil War and to safeguard the rights of the Negroes, the nation adopted the Fourteenth Amendment which said that no State shall "deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law." Beginning in 1931, *sixty-three years after it was adopted*, the Supreme Court has decreed that this means that all the restraints which the first ten Amendments laid on the Federal Government were henceforth laid on the States as well, though it is certain that nothing was further from the minds of those who proposed the Amendment, voted for it, and ratified it. Mr. Black, in both of his decisions, calmly assumes that the First Amendment, *as he interprets it*, binds the States as well as the

Federal Government. You see how the noose is tightening.

But suppose the Fourteenth Amendment did "pass on" the First Amendment to the States. *It cannot pass on anything except what is in it.* And we have seen that all that is in it is that Congress shall not establish any one church or make any one kind of worship obligatory. How then does Mr. Black say that Congress (and therefore the States) may not, by virtue of the First and Fourteenth Amendments, give "aid" to religious bodies, even though it preserves the principle of equality which the First Amendment so clearly enjoins?

The clue to this part of the mystery lies far afield. Mr. Black, and those who think with him, say that what the First Amendment really means is that in the United States there shall be separation of church and state. This is something else again. There is no mention in the Federal Constitution, or in any of the State Constitutions (except ironically, Utah) of compulsory separation of church and state. Yet now the Supreme Court says that, for purposes of the law, the First Amendment and separation of church and state are interchangeable concepts.

There was, before the New Jersey bus case, no legal or constitutional warrant for holding that this is so. It suddenly pops up there, in a paragraph of Mr. Black's decision, as I noted above, in which separation of church and state is said to forbid all kinds of "aid" to religion. How did that come about?

We find the clue to this, strangely enough, in the two dissents which were written against the decision in the bus case, one by Justice Rutledge and the other by Justice Jackson. Mr. Rutledge's opinion was a historical disquisition on Madison's and Jefferson's fight in Virginia against the former Church of England, some six years before the First Amendment was adopted. Out of this pre-history of the First Amendment we are asked to believe that the philosophical and religious notions of the two great Virginia statesmen are the key to the real meaning of the Federal Amendment. What is that meaning? No state "aid" shall be given to any form of religious worship. (We have seen already, of course, that whatever Madison's private opinions might have been, this was not what the Amendment he later introduced in Congress meant, after it had gone through the legislative and ratifying process.) Mr. Jackson, in his opinion, added another little point—little, but of tremendous importance. He said that what is forbidden is both *direct and indirect* aid.

We see now that this set the stage perfectly for the Champaign released-time case. Hitherto, no mention was made of separation of religion from the schools, but only of the state taxing power from religious worship. Moreover, there was absolutely no warrant for saying that the no-establishment clause, no matter what its meaning is, can be passed on to the States by the Fourteenth Amendment, by the very nature of the case. That clause was a provision dividing Federal from State powers, forbidding the first to establish a church and leaving the second free. It was in no sense comparable to the other provisions of the first ten Amendments, all of which have to do with private rights.

Consequently, to make the Champaign decision stick, several things had



HARRIS & EWING PHOTO

The Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. Their decision in the McCollum case indicates that the infection of secularism which has long been spread through the country has at last reached our highest tribunal

to be done first. The no-establishment clause had to be declared binding on the States also; no-establishment had to be extended to mean separation of church and state; separation of church and state had to be made to mean no aid, direct or indirect, to religion. None of these things had ever been done before, but we see now that the groundwork for them had already been laid in both the majority and minority opinions in the New Jersey bus case. In the Champaign, or McCollum, case, the whole thing came out in the open; the statements of the Justices in the New Jersey case were given as the legal precedents for their decision now, though those statements, on the Justices' own showing, had no warrant in constitutional or historical precedent.

Consequently, to reach the decision, two hurdles had to be crossed; the historical argument had to be got out of the way, and the First Amendment had to be extended to mean separation in its new sense. (Counsel defending the Champaign school board, in a 168-page brief, had delivered crushing blows to both these two contentions.) The hurdles were easily crossed, though the labor was divided. Mr. Black, in his decision, brushed the historical and constitutional argument aside in less than two lines, saying merely that his interpretation of the no-establishment clause was the true one, because he had said it was in the New Jersey case. Justice Frankfurter supplied the other key in his concurring opinion. In this he by-passed the First Amendment completely, and in its place he substituted what he called the "constitutional principle" of separation of church and state. Moreover, he declared that this principle is an evolving concept and added these ominous words: the concept, he said, will be "unfolded as appeal is made to the principle from case to case."

This new doctrine of an evolving

principle very neatly disposes of any historical or constitutional argument about the meaning of the First Amendment. As each case comes up, the Court will only have to decide what is the present state of the "constitutional principle" in its current stage of evolution and base its decision on that. What that state was in 1789 or 1845, or even 1940, is no concern of the Court, but only what the "principle" means here and now. Thus pragmatism has won its final assault on our highest court, and religion will be the first subject of experimentation. It is important that American citizens know what is going on, for it is not too late to raise a cry of alarm. All members of the Court openly expect a flood of cases involving separation of church and state.

The Champaign case, in fact, raises more questions than it solves, as perhaps it was intended to do. It will have been noticed that the words "aid to religion" have constantly come up in this story. What do they mean exactly? The Court never says. But Justice Reed, in his lone dissent, based his thinking on the historical and constitutional aspects of the First Amendment and naturally reached a conclusion diametrically opposite to that of the majority which he termed "erroneous." He also did this service: he said that the "aid to religion" that is forbidden by the Amendment is a purposeful assistance directly to the church itself or to some religious group or organization doing religious work of such a character that it may fairly be said to be performing ecclesiastical functions." He complements this by saying that such forbidden aid does not include "those incidental advantages that religious bodies, with other groups similarly situated, obtain as a by-product of organized society" and he lists tax exemptions, free bus transportation, free textbooks, school lunches, and the like. As for Mr. Frankfurter's "constitutional

principle," Mr. Reed gives a long list of direct subsidies to religion which it has been the practice of the Government to grant, including Army and Navy chaplains and divine worship on government property, chaplains and prayer in both Houses of Congress, and compulsory chapel in the Naval and Military Academies on government premises. Are these age-old practices, along with many newer ones, to be declared unconstitutional because the Court holds that an evolving principle now forbids them?

What of the future? This much is certain. All forms of religious instruction are forbidden by the Court, if they take place on public-school premises. What if they are off the premises? It is not clear. But Mr. Black affords another clue to future action when he also forbids the use of the state's compulsory education machinery to aid religion, even indirectly. Does compulsory school machinery also include the school officers who allow children to go out to receive religious education? Does it include truant officers who supervise school attendance of parochial-school children, or state school boards which approve their curriculum? I will not add to this list, for obvious reasons, but any reader can fill in for himself.

From all that has gone before, the reader will perhaps be able to see how the virus of secularism has at last reached our highest Court, which has hitherto been immune from it. Perhaps, after all, it was only a question of time before it did. We have long known how widespread the infection was in the country at large. Yet, when it reaches the Supreme Court we are surprised and alarmed, and rightly so. Moreover, as we have seen, the New Jersey bus case decision contained within it a number of clues which, if we had read them aright, would have warned us of what was to come. Does the new decision also contain some further clues to further action? This writer is convinced that it does, and it behooves us to study it carefully. It is too soon to draw certain conclusions.

Meanwhile, we can thank our forefathers in the Faith in this country that they did not rely on having religious instruction in the public schools alone, but set up a great system of parochial schools. We can strengthen and expand that system to take in even more children than we have at present. We can join forces with all moderate Protestants in taking measures to protect threatened parental rights. And finally we can do a lot of hard thinking and careful planning to protect our parochial-school system against those who will certainly attempt to use the Champaign decision to destroy it.

What, Indeed?

► Every summer the farmers in a certain section of Vermont would have as many "paying guests" as they could handle. It was a good business for the farmers, but it greatly puzzled one of them.

One day, after the work was done, when he was sitting on the porch with a visitor, the puzzled farmer asked, "Why do you people come up here every year? Nothin' here that I can see."

"Why, the scenery, man. It's glorious!"

The farmer looked around. "Huh," he said. "Tain't so hot. Take away the mountains and the lake and what have you got?"

—John Donovan



Fatima's Challenge

BY BONIFACE BUCKLEY, C. P.

THE Catholic Church, since her institution, has been a constant source of irritation to unbelievers. Again and again she has obtruded the reality of the supernatural upon a world which has tried so hard to be severely natural-minded and mundane. Men have been irked by her incessant chatter about God and the hereafter, about saints and sinners, miracles and apparitions, church-going and devotions, and ultimate salvation or just damnation. The world will never quite forgive God for coming to earth on that first Christmas morning and upsetting its complacency. The crucifixion of Christ was supposed to have put an end to His interjection of the supernatural into this workaday world. But He arose from the dead and founded a Church, and so His divine intrusion has continued.

Now there is that story of Fatima. It would create quite a stir in a roomful of agnostic intellectuals to announce rather solemnly that the Blessed Virgin Mary visited this earth a few years ago. This is the so-called atomic age, and we are intensely concerned with nuclear fission and what Stalin will do next. Yet, the mushrooming of the atomic bomb at Bikini was far less startling and far less important than the fact that on October 13, 1917, when the Virgin Mary had appeared for the seventh time at Fatima, the sun "began to turn like a giant pinwheel, sending off rays of light in all directions." Furthermore, Stalin might spend some sleepless nights if his atheistic mind could grasp the idea that Mary mentioned "the conversion of Russia."

The story of Fatima is much more than the extraordinary account of the appearance of the Blessed Virgin Mary to three children. It is an ominous visitation because the Mother of God in these apparitions (unlike those at Lourdes) manifested profound concern for the sinful state of the world. "Men must offend our Lord no more and they must ask pardon for their sins, for He is already much offended." She also predicted punishment if her commands were not obeyed. The account of the visions states that Mary was very sad when she spoke. This was in 1917 and she foretold a second world war if men did not repent. "The war is coming to an end, but if the offenses against God do not stop, another and worse one will begin in the reign of Pope Pius XI." And so it happened.

There is here a direct "cause-and-effect" statement—crime and punishment, sin and war. The heaven-sent explanation for World War II is not economics, nor power politics, nor bungled statesmanship, nor Hitler, nor spheres of influence, but sin.

This, then, is the challenge of Fatima—repentance for sin, or punishment from an offended God. It is a clarion call from heaven to earth and the messenger is the holy Mother of God.

The remedy for the world's ills was also supplied: devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the daily rosary, sacrifices in reparation for sin, the five First Saturdays, and prayers for the Holy Father.

With the rumblings of a third world war already in the air, the challenge of Fatima cannot be ignored. Happily,



The Lady's message was always the same: the children must pray and do penance for the world

it would seem that the Catholic world is at long last heeding the message and that devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary is spreading quickly. But it is a sad commentary on twentieth-century Catholicism that it required almost thirty years for us to awaken from our lethargy.

Still, if Fatima's challenge is to be accepted, the job of accepting it is almost solely on the hands of Catholics. Unbelievers will ridicule the whole idea of an appearance of the Mother of God on earth. The fools of this world have scoffed at the supernatural consistently and with diabolical ingenuity. Such a procedure is old routine with them. The entire story of Fatima will be flouted as a Catholic superstition. They will dispose of Mary just as they "rationalized" the Gospels into four fairy tales and "proved" that Christ did not even exist. Official Protestantism will likewise probably balk at the notion that Mary has again appeared on earth and again requested a practical recognition of her divine motherhood. But in the face of rationalist animosity or Protestant indifference to Mary, the prediction of the *Magnificat* will still stand: "For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Thus the Catholic Church is left pretty much alone with a gigantic problem: to pray an entire world out of trouble and to convert the godless Russian nation back to God. The fainthearted and the cynical will say that it can't be done. But she who crushed the serpent's head has given us a formula for victory. Not all the machinations of Hell or Hell's henchmen can prevail against her. Still it remains for us to accept the challenge of Fatima and to launch that crusade of prayer and sacrifice which is the only really effective "cold war" against the forces of evil. For this "cold war," without bombs, without shells, without hatred, will be fought and won with burning hearts.

When the Bishop visited the rectory, 'twas an unforgettable day for all — but especially for two who shared memories of a happy past and a boy named Michael

Weep not for me

by WILLIAM FAY

MRS. O'NEIL became quickly accustomed to her housekeeping tasks, because they were, essentially, things she had been doing most of her life. After a week, were it not for one slight factor of contention, she would have felt restfully and completely at home in the rectory of the Church of Our Saviour, in a suburb of New York, where she was employed, and where the Monsignor and the young priests of the house had proved considerate and kind.

It was not really like being employed; it was more like finding a new and often lively and always interesting home, where the pattern of days, if basically the same, was flavored by the ringing of the doorbell and the phone, and it was here, assuredly, no sin to laugh aloud. Mrs. Moore, her co-worker, remained a reluctant rose of piety, to whose good graces one had to climb a stalk of many thorns; but even that, Mrs. O'Neil sincerely believed, would prove surmountable in time. And on the days of the month when she received her salary from the church, it never seemed to Mrs. O'Neil exactly right that she should be paid in liberal excess of her needs, as it had been the practice of her life to contribute to churches and not receive from them. Yet the money was nice, no doubt about that, and she told the pastor, Monsignor Hughes, though jokingly of course, that she supposed prices were up in the Lord's house, too.

She had come to Our Saviour's the day after Easter, and Easter was now a month past. The full springtime was here. On certain mornings, with the windows open wide, the days seemed to walk right into the rectory and up the stairs past the picture of Pope Benedict. Overnight, the maples had opened and bloomed like green umbrellas along the street; it was a magic change from bleak-

ness to fulfillment, paralleling, in a way, the past year of her life.

She ended her idle gazing into the schoolyard by walking into the parlor. She began dusting the piano and with a bit of her cloth wound around a finger pressed gently on middle C. It amused her to dust the keys in a succession that played a scale.

Father Gibrowski, passing along the hall, heard her and went into the room. "Give us a tune while you're at it, Mrs. O'Neil." She smiled at him but shook her head. Teasing her, he was—but a fine young man, for all that. When he had gone, she cleaned and played the next octave. She felt just fine today.

Mrs. O'Neil was seventy-three and, if asked point-blank, would not deny it. Yet she didn't volunteer this, and surely she did not feel her years as a pack upon her back. The clergy, as certainly as gallant laity, would not advance the question of her actual years, and her chores were not beyond her, not at all. She ran the vacuum now and then, and she made the beds; she answered the door and telephone, most times, and said to callers, "If you will come in and be comfortable, please, Monsignor will be right down," or "Father Phelan or Father Reiss or Father Gibrowski would be right down." And another thing she did was help keep the parish books in a firmly legible hand. Mrs. Moore did the cooking. The heavy cleaning, the knuckle-reddening kind, was done by the sexton's aide.

Mrs. Moore had been the rectory cook

for some time and, for a while, before the arrival of Mrs. O'Neil, she had helped at keeping the books. The Monsignor had relieved her of this, explaining that he did not want her to be overburdened. Mrs. O'Neil, however, found Mrs. Moore from time to time looking fondly at the books, as though a revered child had been taken from her care. Still, it was evident from specimens in the books that numbers had defeated Mrs. Moore in more ways than their arithmetic. Spattered and blotted ink indicated that Mrs. Moore grasped her pen in the same decisive way she gripped a pot.

Mrs. Moore was forever doing quick and decisive things, and it took a while for Mrs. O'Neil to decide that her sister-in-help was really a nervous and easily discouraged good woman, whose decisiveness actually evolved from the desperate decisions she obliged herself in her many uncertainties to make. Mrs. O'Neil suspected, too, that Mrs. Moore had been loath to give up the books and light correspondence, because the one attending these matters enjoyed the right to sign herself "Sec'y" to the Monsignor, as a matter of form and to give it the high-class effect. But it was a little thing—really more of a joke—and Mrs. O'Neil believed that someday they would be genuine friends, she and Mrs. Moore, though, again, it might take time and require God's help. Meanwhile, she petitioned the Lord please to keep her from criticizing, even in her mind, Mrs. Moore's concoctions in the kitchen.

"Psst! Oh, Mrs. O'Neil," said Mrs. Moore now.

Mrs. O'Neil looked up from the piano, as Mrs. Moore came into the room with something on her mind. Mrs. Moore had pudgy and red-skinned hands, which she habitually rubbed to-



gether, palm to palm, when puzzled. She had a round and rather pretty face, with luminous, heaven-beseeching eyes, and it was Mrs. O'Neil's opinion, unexpressed, that Mrs. Moore was ten years younger than she.

"I'll put it to you this way," said Mrs. Moore, "so that the horse will be directly in front of the cahrt: what do you think of gambling, Mrs. O'Neil?"

"Gambling?" It was surely an unexpected question. "Well, it seems to me there are all kinds of gambling, Mrs. Moore. My own husband always liked a game of cards, though never for large amounts of money. And I—well, I used to like a little Bingo now and then."

"Did you, now? Hmmm," said Mrs. Moore.

"Indeed I did."

Mrs. Moore placed her hands flat on the piano's mahogany top. "Well, yes," she said, "I suppose you did. But Bingo's a different thing, when it's played in a church, that is. I . . ." But she did not go on. "Just forget it, please." She reached into her apron pocket for a handkerchief, then busily blew her nose. "Forget I ever mentioned it, Mrs. O'Neil." Yet she lingered, wanting to say more.

Mrs. O'Neil returned to the piano keys.

"Well, I'll tell you something about Bingo, Mrs. O'Neil, just between you and me and the saints for witnesses," said Mrs. Moore. She looked about carefully. "When they cut out the Bingo games at Our Saviour's here, it was like cutting off me leg. You're listenin'?" Mrs. Moore walked to the hall and

looked up and down. She returned and stood close to Mrs. O'Neil. "You're the kind I can tell a thing an' not have to worry about havin' told you." And it was a sisterly, warm way for her to feel, thought Mrs. O'Neil; this intimacy had never developed before. "Now get this," she said, and whispered, "Are you listenin', Mrs. O'Neil?" Oh, I'm listening, she thought; yes, I'm listening very hard, even if it's something I shouldn't hear. "Father Gibrowski," said Mrs. Moore, "bets on horse races." There it was now: out. "And the Monsignor knows about it," she added quickly. "Mrs. O'Neil, put that in your pipe. Is it right? Or is it wrong?"

"It doesn't have to be wrong at all. It all depends. Was Monsignor upset?"

"Upset? He turned not a hair on his head. They were joking about it; joking

"What do you think of gambling, Mrs. O'Neil?"



about this harse, the two of them, at breakfast this marnin'." Mrs. Moore had a talent for being either slightly or extremely Irish in her speech, just as she chose.

"Then I wouldn't worry about it, Mrs. Moore. Not Father Gibrowski."

If you lived in this house, it was easy to see that Mrs. Moore, in her tense, sometimes possessive way, loved Father Gibrowski like a son. And as anyone well might, thought Mrs. O'Neil, for Father Gibrowski was both gay and thrillingly good. Mrs. O'Neil could recall having been told there was no such thing as a gloomy saint (an interesting thought), and likely enough, she was convinced now, this was true.

"And not only that, but Father Gibrowski sends money home to his people every month," said Mrs. Moore in further defense of him. "Out of his little bit of a salary, too. And it was a parishioner what told 'im about this harse. It wasn't some perfect stranger whisperin' temptation into 'is ear. If you get what I mean."

Mrs. O'Neil began to laugh. One would think she herself had impugned the good young man.

"And if you only knew young priests as I know them, Mrs. O'Neil," continued Mrs. Moore, "you would try to do more for them." Mrs. Moore returned to her chores.

Mrs. O'Neil went to the library and began to dust the books. She had almost known a young priest very well. Had he lived another two years, her own boy, Michael, would have been ordained. But Mrs. Moore did not know that. It was the kind of sorrow that, with sufficient prayer, you could sublimate in something less than the twenty-seven years that had passed since Michael's death. It was her recent fancy

—and a fancy she knew it to be—that Michael, if he had lived, might well have become a bishop. She confessed to herself it was a kind of conceit to think of Michael that way; well aware she was that the Lord never said He had special mansions for bishops in His house. But it was a thought that recurred to her nonetheless, for not long ago one of Michael's friends and classmates had become a bishop. If it could happen to George McArdle, it could have happened to Michael, too; they were as like as that, the two of them, when they were at the seminary, studying.

Still, I mustn't dwell upon these things, she thought. In the schoolyard she could hear children at their recess. The light grew brighter in the room as the sun climbed over the school. She straightened the picture of Cardinal Newman that hung against one wall. Newman, in his old age, with his white hair and his small red cap, seated by his reading lamp. In one of the books Cardinal Newman had written there were some lines Mrs. O'Neil knew fairly well. What were the lines? Just how did it go? Trying now, it was difficult to get it exactly right. She found and consulted the book.

"Weep not for me
Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
The stream of love that circles home,
Light hearts and free!
Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends,
Nor miss my face, dear friends!
I still am near."

"A Voice from Afar"

It could be Michael speaking, she had often thought, though Newman was an Englishman, whose English was for her sometimes a little difficult to fathom.

But it was beautiful, wasn't it? Being able to break the heart in so many bits and still leave so little pain?

A little later, while Mrs. O'Neil was working on the books of the Angel's Sodality, Mrs. Moore came into the room again. She had a morning newspaper, and she went, with a conspiratorial air, very close to Mrs. O'Neil.

"This is the harse's name," she said. "He showed it to me at breakfast this marnin', right in front of the Monsignor. He marked the name with a pencil, as you can see for yourself. 'Mrs. Moore,' he says to me, 'how would you like to run two dollars into a million?' 'Heaven help us, Father,' I said, when I knew what he was drivin' at, 'but I never did that in me life. It's no time now.' I didn't know what else to say in front of the Monsignor. 'Well,' he said, 'I thought I'd let you in on something good. I just bet on the harse myself,' he said. And the Monsignor, mind you, Mrs. O'Neil, he never bats a blessed eye."

"Well, I guess he's heard worse than that."

"Mmmmm," said Mrs. Moore, praising her. "And do you know something, Mrs. O'Neil? Do you?"

Mrs. O'Neil managed somehow to look both innocent and receptive.

"Well, just between you and me, Mrs. O'Neil, with all due respect to your own state of mind in the affair, I'd be willin' to risk a dollar meself. There, now," and Mrs. Moore stood proud and straight, with her hands clasped at her waist.

"You said two dollars, Mrs. Moore." This was difficult for Mrs. Moore, who wet her lips and looked nervously about. "What I mean is— would you care to go in with me for a dollar yourself? I do miss the Bingo, Mrs. O'Neil, and it does seem to me that just this once would do no one any harm."

"Well, I'm sure it's no sin; but where would you place the bet?"

"You can leave that to me," said Mrs. Moore. "Rest assured, you can be, there'll be nothin' out of line, with the Bishop comin' so soon."

"The Bishop?"

"For Confirmation Day," said Mrs. Moore, "on the twenty-fourth of May."

Mrs. O'Neil, in her month's tenure at Our Saviour's, had never thought of Confirmation Day and a Bishop's coming around. And yet she should have, because such a day was always certain to arrive. "What bishop is going to confirm the children, Mrs. Moore?"

"Well, now, I don't imagine it will be the Cardinal himself," that expert woman said, "because just now he is much too busy a holy man. It may be the new bishop in the archdiocese. McArdle's his name. And a brilliant man."



The Bishop had two cups of coffee and the twenty-seven years seemed nothing



Easily Satisfied

♦ The late George L. Dyer used to tell of a colored cook who remained with his family for many years. On occasion he made it a point to praise her for some unusual culinary achievement and to express his pleasure at having her in his home. Whereupon Mandy would say: "Mistah Diah, there isn't nobody in this whole wide world who appreciates appreciation as much as ah do."

—Quote

"Do you know him, Mrs. Moore?"

"Know him? Well, no—not exactly. But I know *about* him. There is a great and holy career ahead of him, I'm told. Brilliant, he is," and she tapped her head. "That's what they say about him, Mrs. O'Neil. They say that What's-his-name McArdle is as bright in his head as a heavenly light. His first name is—now, let me think; the Monsignor just mentioned it."

"His first name is George," said Mrs. O'Neil. Her heart was lifted by the statement.

"Do *you* know him?"

"I know that his name is George."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Moore, a bit uneasy, "but I have to get on with the lunch." She did not pause to look expertly at Mrs. O'Neil's new figures in the books.

What was it you called a bishop, anyhow? Was it "Excellency" that you said? Or did you call him "Your Grace?" Thinking of it now, she didn't know.

But his name was George McArdle, just the same. He was a New York boy, from that part of Harlem around 116th Street where the Irish once prevailed, more years ago than it takes a man to grow up.

Yet she hadn't known him as a boy. It was as a seminarian that she had known him, and because he was Michael's good friend. He came many times to her home as Michael's guest, and enjoyed, during these vacation spells in which they were permitted to be home, an appetite more befitting a horse than a hierarch-to-be. He was not so tall as Michael, nor so handsome. But was she being fair now, looking back? Didn't mothers see their own with indwelling and partial eyes? Well, no mind to that. What she remembered best and most clearly was that George McArdle had been an appealing, attractive boy, very much like her own. His hair had been curly, and it never had looked combed, for he'd had the habit of running his hand through it when debating some point or thinking it through. He had always been a great one for discussing the state of the world.

Yes, she supposed he'd been very

bright. She could remember the long discussions between her Michael and George McArdle, though what she remembered most about them was that she never quite understood them. This had distressed her a little, and once she had asked Michael how it was that two young men, so much alike and both slated for identical holy orders, found so many things to debate.

Michael had been amused. "If I don't argue with Georgie, Mom," he had said, "how can I teach him anything?"

Imagine that, she thought now, to the future Bishop himself. Yet it delighted her, for, as she had always known, her Michael was no slouch. Her Michael was logical and soft toned. He was patient and temperate, and his faith was a shining thing. He was devoted to George McArdle, and George was devoted to him. They were merry years, not so misty in mind as they were distant in time. There had been many and wonderful evenings when, with dinner and arguments done, George McArdle would do tricks, for the amusement of all, with his double-jointed thumb. Yes, that was one thing, you could be sure, that Mrs. Moore didn't know.

After dinner, though it was Mrs. Moore's evening for going out, she displayed no disposition to depart for the moving pictures. Instead, she stayed close by, rubbing her hands nervously, and said in a whisper, "Mrs. O'Neil, when you can spare a moment, if you don't mind." She left the reception room, where Mrs. O'Neil had just seated two candidates for matrimony.

Mrs. Moore was in the kitchen. "Well, one thing I've larned," she stated aggressively, "is that you can't sarve the Lord an' Mammon, too. The animal betrayed us. We larst our money, Mrs. O'Neil. Why did you make me do it? Answer me that."

Mrs. O'Neil did not know what to say. She suspected the moment required a remark that Mrs. Moore would long remember, but cleverness in remarks was not a talent of hers; it required premeditation. "I made you do it?"

"With the Bishop himself comin' here next week," said Mrs. Moore, "who knows what a scandal could develop if

he got a wind of the same? You should have had more sense in the first place, Mrs. O'Neil, because you're a good deal older than meself!"

The rectory at Our Saviour's was not a premise that could be primed and polished to new grandeur for the arrival of a bishop. It was an organized and adult house seldom touched by disarray. However, the curtains had been laundered and hung anew and fresh doilies placed on the arms of tufted chairs.

When the Bishop's car arrived, Mrs. O'Neil was not at the door. She could have been, in the trim, neat dress and the ruffled white apron she wore; but the Monsignor, anticipating the arrival, had gone to the door himself. She could not justify to herself the nervousness and self-consciousness she felt, now that the Bishop had arrived, and she was grateful to have the Monsignor at the door. This permitted her, in her uncertainty, to retire to one of the reception rooms at the front of the house, there to gaze through a window into the street.

For suppose the Bishop didn't know her? After all, in twenty-seven years a man can forget many things, and old faces change. Surely when he had just arrived on his episcopal mission, it would not be fitting for her to jump in front of him and say: "Do you remember Mrs. O'Neil? I'm Michael's mother, Your Grace." Or "Your Excellency"; whatever it was you said, she still didn't know. But later, after the services, when the Holy Sacrament had been administered, would be time enough for her. And what would she say to him, even then? She felt suddenly defeated, almost afraid.

At first, because her glasses were misty, she could see only the flash of purple at his chest, the color a bishop wears and a symbol of his rank; but as he climbed the steps of the rectory, laughing with the Monsignor and the visiting pastors of near-by churches who had come to welcome him, it was only George McArdle. In the light of recognition she could have cried with joy to see how little, in the things that mattered, he had changed; but perhaps it was more illuminating to find that she had not truly remembered him until now he was by his presence reimposed, telling her things of the past that a moment before she had not known.

When she ventured out of the reception room, they had gone, the Bishop following Monsignor Hughes upstairs. She could hear their voices, but she could not distinguish their words. She waited at another window until it was time for the procession to the church. She watched the acolytes lead the way, the line of procession form and proceed: the young curates first, then the visiting

pastors, the deacons of honor, and finally the Bishop, in his vestments, wearing the mitre tall on his head and carrying in his right hand, like Saint Patrick himself, the crozier, or episcopal staff, and nodding to the people on the way.

Oh, Michael, she thought, it could be yourself. And pray for us, Michael, where you are.

"Pssst! Oh, Mrs. O'Neil!" Mrs. Moore looked truly distressed. She wore a new dress that became her very well and a lovely yellow apron she had won at a church bazaar. But troubled she surely did look.

"Yes, Mrs. Moore?"

"The Bishop," she said despairingly, "the most reverend man himself, is staying in for dinner, Mrs. O'Neil."

For dinner? Really? Oh, that could mean so many things. It could be truly wonderful, she thought. "Don't you think we might manage, Mrs. Moore?"

"I never cooked for a bishop, Mrs. O'Neil. Nobody told me so much as a word. Me with a pot roast in the house, no more than that. Through the Lord's Own grace they're going out to lunch." She didn't rub her hands together, palm to palm. She held them in tight fists. And this humility was, if unexpected, something endearing to Mrs. O'Neil. "I am not a pretentious woman, Mrs. O'Neil, believe me, now. Could ya help me, please? And I'll do the sarvin', Mrs. O'Neil."

"Yes, of course I'll help you. Why wouldn't I? I used to cook for a . . . But she didn't say it. She had been about to say "bishop," but it wouldn't be true, for he wasn't a bishop then.

"And, Mrs. O'Neil, I have a confession to make. It's been on me mind and me conscience ever since, believe me: Father Gibrowski never bet two dollars on a horse. He did not. I learned what he did was to wager twenty cents with Monsignor in an innocent little pastime of their own, a joke it was. He did not give two dollars to the milkman, as I did meself, for the milkman to pass on to a perfissional bookmarker, your money and mine. That's the truth of it, Mrs. O'Neil. The true size of it, now."

It was a large and inviting kitchen, with an oven as big as a piano. A pot roast, Mrs. O'Neil decided, is as good as the things you can do to it, and this one was sufficiently large.

"We never use garlic," said Mrs. Moore. "We are not a pack of Eye-talians in this house."

"Both the Bishop and the Monsignor," said Mrs. O'Neil, "have been to Rome."

"Is that so? Hmmm." Mrs. Moore cast suspicious eyes. "Well, I never knew you to be so witty, Mrs. O'Neil."

Then it was dinnertime. There were muffins and two apple pies in the oven.

In a large wooden bowl was a tossed green salad, to cut the weight of the dumplings that went with the pot roast. There was a casserole of vegetables, which Mrs. O'Neil had glacéed. It looked quite handsome. And so did the roast.

"It's a lot of heavy food," said Mrs. O'Neil, "for spiritual men."

"The Bishop's a hearty eater," said Mrs. O'Neil.

"And how do you know that?"

"Well, I have an idea that he could be, let's say."

"He is a man of the intellect," said Mrs. Moore. "The conversation is a revelation, Mrs. O'Neil, and courtesy is his name. Just between the two of us, he's been treatin' me like I was his own daughter, Mrs. O'Neil."

You could be his aunt, she thought. Mrs. Moore, she now understood, was a more complex and resourceful person than she had suspected. For one who, at the thought of preparing dinner for the bishop, has been rendered limp, she was displaying now whole reservoirs of energy and social aplomb; indeed, she kept humming a gay little tune as she plied her way from the scene of coarse kitchen

◆ Children may tear up a house, but they can never break up a home.

—St. Jerome's Bulletin

labor to the table of the great. Still, I mustn't be uncharitable, thought Mrs. O'Neil; she's enjoying herself, poor soul. But she was a smart one, Mrs. Moore, who had wanted and succeeded in attaining the hostess' role for tonight.

And Mrs. O'Neil? Well, she supposed she had made the timid mistake of keeping her secret too long. She could not very gracefully now, at this point, pop out the Bishop's past like a plum from a pie. There were many dishes, but she kept abreast of them. There was plenty of time. No rush tonight. A kitchen properly managed in a house like this might well be, she supposed, less taxing on her legs and energy than the work she had been doing, while Mrs. Moore, she was fairly sure, would rejoice to make beds and answer bells and write "Sec'y" after her name.

The Lord could decide . . .

It was rather late, and the house was still. The Bishop, according to Mrs. Moore, had gone to the Monsignor's rooms on some business of their own, though he was driving back to the city tonight.

"The evening went off all right," said Mrs. Moore. "Not that you didn't help, either, because if the food was on the heavy side, they'll survive it, God willing. But it took a lot of get-up-an-go on my part to make the Bishop feel at home. I mean in the things that take ex-

per-i-ence. Well, I'll say good night, Mrs. O'Neil."

"Good night," Mrs. O'Neil said. She wasn't terribly tired. If she felt like weeping in her defeat—well, for her own and Cardinal Newman's sakes, she would forbear. It was her own fault, anyway—when it might have been so different.

"Excuse me, please."

She stood up. She knew his voice. The blood raced in her hands. He was here and this was the time.

"I thought that while the Monsignor wasn't watching me," the Bishop said, "I might steal another cup of coffee and express my gratitude for the dinner someone cooked. Is there another cup? The Monsignor says I eat too much and . . ."

She turned to face him. She had to make herself stand erect. The tears were a well that gave way without the assistance of a sob, and she couldn't see him any longer through her glasses. He put his big, gentle hands on her shoulders, and her shoulders began to shake. He said: "The Lord forgive us both for letting it happen this way, Mrs. O'Neil. Here, look at me. Where did you come from? And are you all right?"

She raised a hand to one of his lapels, and with her other hand removed her glasses. She could see the purple cloth that marked his rank. She stood back and smiled at him. She blinked her eyes and made them fairly dry. "Yes, I'm all right now," she said, "and I'm very happy here. And I think that there's some coffee on the stove."

The Bishop had two cups of coffee, and Mrs. O'Neil had one. They sat at the kitchen table, talking, and as they talked, the twenty-seven years seemed in their total to be none.

"Keep in touch with you?" she said. "Well, it would have been hard. You were away for so many years and so busy with your work. It's only now you've come back to the archdiocese."

"That makes no difference," the Bishop said. "Old friends are good tonic, Mrs. O'Neil. I tried to get in touch with you at the time of my consecration, but I had no luck. I had no record of your address or of your daughters' marriage names."

"Well, after Mr. O'Neil passed on," she explained, "and the girls were married, I lived alone. But I like it better here; I really do; they've been good to me. You know, I didn't want to boast that I knew you, for fear it might seem that I was showing off. And then I wasn't sure that you would know me, after all."

"Know you? Why, there's never been a time I haven't known you," the Bishop said. "How could I ever think of Michael and not think of you? And I think of

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Nuns are just so many walking and breathing Mona Lisas. Who can possibly understand what really goes on under those white fluted halos and flowing black veils?

The Mona Lisas

by LUCILE HASLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY BURKE

I suspect that my female dentist uses me as a dental guinea pig

NOT so very long ago I innocently wrote an article entitled "I Like Priests," based on the simple thesis that priests — as people — had considerably brightened my life.

Well, no one cared whether my life had been brightened or not, but everyone seemed stirred by my thought-provoking theory that priests are people. As a result of this brilliant and daring hypothesis, I now find myself one of the busiest anthropologists of the day. I barely have time to get my housework done. They keep wanting me to track down and identify all sorts of peculiar creatures.

Let me say right here that amateur anthropology is no bed of roses. Especially if you tackle it as I do. My blunt statement that "priests are my favorite people" was equivalent to climbing out on the limb of a tree and sawing it off behind me. Reproachful cries immediately rent the air. Didn't I like nuns? Hadn't they brightened my life, too?

This chip-on-shoulder attitude fright-

ens me. If I wrote that yes, I did so like nuns, then someone else would say: "What's the matter? Don't you like the Young Christian Workers?" I can foresee an endless, desperate series: "I Like Laymen" . . . "I Like The Pope" . . . "I Like The Daughters of Isabella."

The truth of the matter is that I know as much about nuns as I do about tropical fish. (Another future article: "I Like Tropical Fish.") As an adult convert, I was not exposed to a parochial education under nuns and, hence, they have neither brightened nor dimmed my life. Nuns and I have passed each other like ships in the dark and I haven't the faintest idea as to what really goes on under those white fluted halos and flowing black veils. To me, nuns are just so many walking and breathing Mona Lisas. You know the Mona Lisa: the folded hands, the serene brow, the guess-what's-behind-my-smile.

Now if there's anything to whet the interest of an anthropologist, it's a Mona Lisa. Especially when you know Mona was once plain Susie Smith, as feminine

and ornery as they come. Intensive research might bring to light just what happened to Susie and what's still happening to Susie but, frankly, the assignment scares me. If generations of anthropologists haven't yet figured out what makes the ordinary woman tick, how fathom a nun? Who knows the wind? Who knows a female religious?

I do have, however, one avenue of approach. I am prepared to speak, with no guesswork, on the fortitude of nuns under two acid conditions: (1) in the dentist's chair and (2) in the infirmary. Ingrid Bergman, as a movie nun, has had T.B. but—to the best of my knowledge—she hasn't yet had her teeth drilled. I believe this to be a new and valuable sidelight.

It just so happens that my female dentist is a Third Order Dominican who caters to nuns. (How I, a mere layman, managed to squeeze into her holy clientele is a mystery, but I suspect she uses me as a dental guinea pig.) Anyway, neither the dentist nor her nuns are exactly brightening my life.

For one thing, my dental appointments are always being switched or cancelled at the last minute because some Sister Gabriel's tooth is presumably hurting worse than mine. For another thing, even after I am enthroned in the

dentist's chair, my position is still precarious, still that of the underdog. A tooth is excavated, my mouth piled full of cotton wads, my jaws propped open with steel braces; I am all ready for the filling. This is the signal for some nun from out of town to drop in for a social call on my dentist. I — abandoned on the torture rack—can hear them outside the door, falling upon each other with glad yips of joy. By the time they are through visiting, my jaw is permanently dislocated.

Another thing I resent (I told you before I liked *priests*) is the way nuns keep cool. How, on a sweltering day, can they sit there in the reception room calmly flipping pages of *Dental Hygiene*, calmly looking like so many penguins on a block of ice? I have on a sleeveless dress and toe-less slippers; they are bandaged from head to foot in yards—nay, bolts of black serge. (And I know all about those petticoats, too. I might as well confess right here that I have one of these nuns for an aunt.) What gives? If nuns have discovered some secret form of insulation, they should share it with us sweating laymen.

Despite these smoldering resentments, I will testify—in the interests of anthropology—that the fortitude of nuns under the drill is of the highest caliber. I haven't heard a single shriek. I'm the only one that makes any racket but, then, the dentist is probably gentler with nuns. She likes 'em.

Could I please just talk about my dentist for a minute? This would not only give me keen pleasure (of the eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth variety) but, after all, she's almost next door to a nun. And, I know for certain *she's* not human.

I had thought, originally, that a Dominican Tertiary would surely approach my sensitive molars in a fine spirit of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Ho! I'm now shopping around for a full-fledged pagan Witch Doctor. How that Dominican can put down the Little Office of the Virgin Mary and pick up her torture instruments with such relish is beyond me. True, she's a skillful craftsman but the Faith-Hope-Charity is at

low ebb. As she drills me, she also drills home little Christian homilies.

She will say, with a non-Dominican leer: "Now *this'll* give you a rough idea of Purgatory," and down comes the needle on a quivering nerve. If I evince anything but pure delight at this golden opportunity to offer it up, she says scathingly: "It's all in your mind. *Be like the nuns*. If you would just meditate on the Joyful Mysteries as I work, you wouldn't even notice this."

If nuns can meditate in a dentist's chair, I say they are not human. (And I don't care *how* human and appealing Ingrid Bergman was as a nun giving boxing lessons. Anyone can box. I refuse to let Hollywood sway me.)

Aside from my dental encounter with nuns, I have also met them in the nearby St. Mary's College Infirmary. Here is more fortitude but fortitude that is touching, not the kind that slays me. These are elderly nuns at the end of the trail, with their boxing days behind them. Their obediences tell the story. One year it's "Fold handkerchiefs twice a week in the laundry;" the next year it's just "Pray for the community."

But along with praying for the community, they also like to play detective. These frail and holy creatures (who wouldn't swat a fly) enjoy murder mysteries, and the more corpses strewn around the merrier. I have, rather dubiously, taken out reams of blood-curdling books to them but I guess it's all right. The Mother Superior still seems healthy enough. No one, to date, has slipped arsenic into her morning orange juice.

One Sunday I will greet some youngster of eighty-five, rocking away and reading in a corner of the sun porch, and the next Sunday the corner is empty. The youngster is laid out in the parlor. (Death can sneak up even in the middle of an unfinished Ellery Queen.) Pinned to the mended black cape will be a paper, written in neat flowing script, with her original vows.

I admit I find this here-you-are, now-you-aren't situation very disconcerting, but the nuns don't. They have, as it were, their satchels all packed for the trip and are merely looking forward —

cheerfully, patiently — to going home. Just around the corner is the community cemetery: row upon row of plain white crosses with — for example — "Kathleen O'Halligan" on one side and "Sister Mary Rose" on the other. Only at the end do they seem to reclaim their original identity.

This is the joker. Nuns read detective stories but it's their own lives that have the real mystery: concealed bodies, hidden violence, and everything. "Sister Mary Rose" must have had a death struggle with "Kathleen O'Halligan" but no X marks the scene of the crime. All that shows, on top, are the folded hands, the serene brow, the guess-what-is-behind-my-smile. They make it tough going for a detective and yet, every once in a while, they get caught. They even get canonized.

The Little Flower, in her crannied wall, came the closest to getting away with the perfect crime but when she was caught — what an exposure. It shook and affected the whole world. Yet, even in her story, you have to dig deep for clues. An amateur sleuth might be thrown off the scent by her childish watercolors, the innocent merriment of the "play hour," the scruples over enjoying a whiff of perfumed toilet water. Dig deeper and you will find a depth of strength and suffering that makes the "little way" seem the irony of ironies. What, for example, is so "little" about having to live with a lot of other women? Just one week in a Y.W.C.A. would kill me off.

It is for this very reason that I didn't go out of my way to collect any whimsical little human interest anecdotes about nuns. (I could quickly have had a bulging briefcase. Nuns are a happy crowd.) These are red herrings strewn across the path and I'm too smart an anthropologist to get side-tracked. These Mona Lisas are out to fool you. Let someone else, if they like, write about their humanity. I—via the dentist's chair, the infirmary, the cemetery—have given you the real low-down. Nuns are *super-human*.

Consider the facts. Priests have the sacrament of Holy Orders; I have the sacrament of Matrimony; nuns have nothing. Yet statistics show that there are more female saints than male saints, with nuns leading the field. What do they operate on? Free wheeling?

Oh, I know *why* women take the veil (s-sh, they fell in love with a Man) but the course of true love is a bumpy one. How do they ride the bumps?

I give up. Take it away, you people who think nuns are so simple, so transparent, so easy to write about. All I know is that the current slogan for the *Ladies Home Journal* (Never Underestimate The Power Of A Woman) must apply to many a Mona Lisa.

What Next?



► A young woman just home from college was very enthusiastic about the wonderful benefits of physical culture. She said to her father:

"Just watch this exercise. To develop the arms, I grasp the rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "What won't science discover next? If that rod had a straw at the other end, you'd be sweeping!"

—Christian Observer



Marshall Stalin

EAST against WEST



President Truman

**Only a policy of active resistance can check the present Soviet
onslaught on the nations of the Christian and democratic west.**

by N. S. TIMASHEFF

ONLY three years have passed since VE day, and once more dark clouds are on the political horizon. They are so dark that more and more frequently the question is asked: is not the third world war just around the corner? Men fear that war will break out because the two mightiest nations in the world are in sharp conflict. Almost every step of American foreign policy is interpreted by the Soviet leaders as an ominous sign of aggression; and today American diplomacy no longer conceals its purpose of checking the unfolding political lines of the Soviets. Whenever America says yes, the Soviets say no, and vice versa.

The conflict is particularly ominous because the two states adhere to incompatible social ideals to which each ascribe universal validity. Present-day Russia, at least official Russia, is obsessed by the Communist ideal. She is, however, not satisfied with being Communist herself; she wants to convert the rest of the world to her ideology, and if necessary, forcibly to impose it upon the other nations. And in this country, since the Wilsonian era, the Christian and democratic ideal is no longer considered to be just a part of the American way of life; it is considered to be the one ideal conducive to happiness throughout the world, and this belief is so strong that we feel sooner or later, in unpredictable ways, all nations will be converted to it. Since the two ideals are universal, they require action on all fronts. In this way, many situations arise in which these incompatible ideals incite their adherents to conflicting actions.

In this conflict, the camp dominated by the Communists plays the aggressive role. In other words, while their opponents do not really plan the overthrow of Communism in Russia where it has dominated for thirty years, the Communists have consistently aimed at the overthrow of the non-Communist order whatever it may be, wherever possible. They have used their armies of occupation to impose Communist governments on unwilling populations. Misery caused by the war and its aftermath has served as a means of entrance into countries whose cultures are essentially individualistic. They have succeeded in adapting the strong weapon of propaganda to local needs in order to gain large masses of ignorant and deceived people. Using these tools, they have gained tremendous advantages. They have annexed the Baltic states, the Eastern half of Poland and two Rumanian provinces, not to speak of minor areas. Nations, proud of their traditions, as Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria have been converted into satellite states. Communist parties have created strongholds in France and Italy that are already ready to impede any constructive efforts and to seize power whenever the opportunity presents itself.

For a long time their opponents did not fully realize the situation. Instead of acting, they negotiated. Instead of firmly opposing the Communist advances, they tried to limit it by appeasement. But they gradually reached the conclusion that by treating the conflict

in this way, they were waging a losing battle. Step by step a new policy has evolved which could be called the policy of active resistance to Communism. It contains three elements: one obstructive, another constructive, and the third aggressive.

The obstructive element consists in creating high barriers against the further expansion of Communism by force or intimidation. This obstructive policy has been used mainly in the Balkans and the Near East. Early in 1946, the situation in Iran was ominous indeed. Soviet troops were in the country during the war as a result of the joint occupation with the British, but were under obligation to quit on or before March second. The Soviet leaders made an attempt to delay the evacuation indefinitely and to subjugate the country. The question was brought before the United Nations, and despite the dramatic "walk out" of Mr. Gromyko, the Soviet troops were forced to withdraw. Moreover an "autonomous government" in the Northwestern corner of the country, established under Soviet auspices, was allowed to collapse, and the Soviets did not even prevent the execution of the rebel leaders by the legitimate government.

One year later Soviet aggression against Turkey and Greece seemed imminent. But in March 1947 the so-called Truman Doctrine was proclaimed making it clear that the United States would stand behind the two countries if attacked by the Soviets or their satellites. Since then threats to Turkey have no longer occurred. In Greece, guerrilla warfare is continuously going on in its

Northern provinces, sponsored by Yugoslavia and Albania; but the presence of token Anglo-American forces prevents it from developing into a grand-scale invasion. It is a nuisance to Greece and the Western nations, but there is no real threat of a Communist government in Athens, so long as the United States is behind the legitimate government.

Moreover, to meet Communist aggression constructive designs of Western style have appeared on the political horizon. The turning point was the announcement of the Marshall Plan in June 1947. The European nations have been invited to work out and put into action a plan of economic recovery based on co-operation; to these co-operating nations, American help has been promised to the extent required by Europe's temporary inability to provide enough food for her population and raw material for her industry.

The plan is so appealing to the nations suffering from the effects of the war that it almost succeeded in splitting the Soviet block by sewing the seeds of discord between the Soviet master and the satellite states. Poland and still more Czechoslovakia wanted to participate. Direct orders from the Kremlin prevented them from doing so. But all the nations west of the Iron Curtain were enthusiastic. Experts started working and prepared a master plan for recovery. Negotiations were conducted between the European nations and also with the United States. Bills were introduced into the American Congress, and the European Recovery Program has quite recently crowned their efforts.

This program puts flesh and blood on the Marshall Plan; and though not utopian, it is the anticipation of what hard working and closely co-operating nations can and hope to achieve. Its anti-Communist point is obvious: just as TB germs breed in the filth of the slums, Communism breeds in conditions of misery and despair. The purpose of the Recovery Program is to inject new hope into men living in free society; to combat Communism by showing that higher and better standards can be achieved on the foundation of the Christian and democratic ideal. This is a conspicuously constructive policy.

The Marshall Plan and the Recovery program, however, form only the center of a whole cluster of developments. Some of these are even older than the Marshall plan, but have received new significance from it. Most important are the Benelux pact signed April 18, 1946, and the Anglo-French alliance signed at Dunkerque on March 4, 1947. The former is a customs union between Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg making the three states, all economically and politically highly ad-



Workers in a factory reading the Communist paper. Italian Communists have an abundant supply of valuable paper and ink

vanced, an individual unit in international trade and necessitating a reciprocal adjustment of taxation, social service, and so on. The latter is a restricted alliance directed against the possible resurrection of German militarism.

But after the announcement of the Marshall plan, the pattern of the Benelux pact and the Dunkerque alliance were extended to more ambitious enterprises. While a federation of Western European nations or even a general customs union is still of the "music of the future" type, negotiations on a customs union between France and Italy and about the co-ordination of the policies of the Scandinavian countries have advanced with surprising speed. And on March 18, 1947, a pact was signed in Brussels between Great Britain, France, and the Benelux countries comprising a military alliance against any possible aggression and a pledge of close economic, social, and cultural co-operation among the members. Other nations of free Europe, especially Italy, are expected and invited to join.

These developments, if and when achieved, will open new perspectives to the nations of Europe, exhausted from almost uninterrupted warfare and sharp economic competition. The unity of Christendom which was the master plan of medieval Europe seems to be reviving, and is piercing through the crust of selfish particularisms and inveterate feuds. Once more, this is a grand-style constructive policy seeking to make the nations of Western Europe invulnerable to Communism.

Finally, the anti-Communist policy of the Western nations comprises an ag-

gressive element. This has been manifested in the expulsion of the Communists from advanced positions in countries not under their control. Two years ago, the Communists formed part of the coalition governments of France and Italy; today they are outside of the machinery of these governments. In addition to this, in France a revolt against their dominance in the ranks of the trade-unionists has taken place; to the General Confederation of Labor, dominated by the Communists, an anti-Communist *force ouvrière* is now opposed, in addition to the Union of Christian workers.

However, let us not exaggerate these achievements. While victories have been won, many defeats have been sustained. Two years ago, there was a semblance of independence and some vestiges of freedom in Czechoslovakia and Poland. Today they are completely under the Communist yoke. Communist aggression has been successful there, and unfortunately, it will probably succeed in Finland. All these countries are inside the Iron Curtain and no protection short of war is available. And the nations of the Christian and democratic camp are not prepared to wage a war of liberation.

At the present time, a semblance of equilibrium has been attained. The forces of the Communists have been checked by a combination of the obstructive, constructive, and aggressive policies of the Western nations. It is extremely important not to allow this equilibrium to break down in favor of Communism; it is highly desirable to reverse the trend of the first postwar years and to place Communism on the

defensive. These tasks can be accomplished only on the foundation of well conceived and resolute action on the part of the United States.

The United States must, first of all, persist in policies already inaugurated. Help to Greece and Turkey must be continued so long as the situation requires it; eventually it must be extended. The European Recovery Program is now on the statute books. It must be enforced with vigor. A firm determination of the whole American nation to achieve its objectives must be demonstrated to the world. If loopholes appear, they must be filled. If changes are necessary, they must be carried out, and promptly.

The situation, however, calls for further steps. The nations of free Europe have formed a military alliance. The Truman doctrine implies help to these united nations if attempts are made to conquer them by armies coming from the outside. But knowing the danger of overt aggression, the Communists could try to conquer them by military insurrection carried out by the local Communist parties. Against this danger a further proclamation on the part of the United States would erect a strong inhibition. This proclamation should pledge American help to any legitimate government of one of the free European countries if it were overthrown by such an insurrection and would apply for assistance.

But to make the Truman doctrine and its suggested extension part of the real, and not only of the ideal world, adequate power is necessary. The type and extent of military preparedness is a highly technical point not to be discussed here. But too often those discussing the problem forget that the nations of free Europe have a population larger than the United States, and in addition to this, their power is already in the area where fighting could start eventually, while America's manpower would have to be transported to that area and only then could start fighting. Would it not be reasonable then to help these nations to develop their own military strength, and perhaps on the basis of a renewed lend-lease program? Logically, this would preclude the shipment to the Soviet Union and its satellites not only of war materials, but also of any equipment facilitating its production. A good beginning was made in the presidential order of March 20, 1948.

Military strength is insufficient. It must be supplemented by economic and moral strength. Economically, this country is the alpha and the omega of the resistance to Communism. Let its economic power wain, and the Western world is doomed. In consequence, depression must be avoided by all means.

Morally this nation must offer con-

SONG FOR SERVICE

by BERNIECE BUNN CHRISTMAN

*If I but grow as noble as the weed
Who sings her little silences alone,
With none to share her fullness or her need,
And none who needs her but the straying stone;
If I, as she, can learn the changing weather,
Can hold the sun, but better love the rain,
Till from our tears' long mingling together,
Only the shine and blowing shawl remain;
And if I wear my small economies,
And not forget that splendor and the bill
Can sing a beggar to her singing knees,
If she will serve and wait, attending still—
This bruise that aches against the ankle bone
May lift a face and rise, with songs unknown.*

RELEASE THE SPIRIT

by EILEEN SURLES

*Spare not the fragile vessel sacred to the Lord,
Elect, cherished,
Filled with the Spirit's precious balm, but sealed,
Its living depths concealed,
Its perfume for the Lord alone.
No, let it be broken on stone.*

*Release the Spirit! Let it flood the earth, outpoured
Where love has perished.
There is no other renaissance for what is slain.
Let fragrance rise from pain.
Till the mind be rapt and the heart made whole.
The Lord will gather the shattered bowl.*

vincing example of a social order based upon the Christian and democratic ideal. As it is, the example is attractive, for millions throughout the world would like to come to America. But why not make it still more attractive, eliminating such ugly survivals of the past as racial discrimination, the rule of party machines and bosses, the revolting conditions of the slum areas and the like? Obviously, it cannot be done overnight.

This nation should not hesitate to convey to the rest of the world the benefits of the Christian and democratic way of life. We must oppose Communist propaganda with Democratic information. This is already being done through the "Voice of America." Recently this "Voice" has almost been silenced. But the events of the past year have taught us a salutary lesson, and today, one may express the hope that the propaganda action of the United States, combined with that of the other free nations, will gradually get the upperhand over the pernicious propaganda launched thirty years ago from the Kremlin.

In this regard, a special contribution may be expected on the part of American Catholics. In the internal struggle going on in many European countries, Catholics are the main foes of the Communists. In this opposition they are heavily handicapped. The Communists

receive money and what is still more important, paper and ink from a foreign government; comparatively, the Catholics have only a trifle. Should not the Catholics of America do everything that they can to supply their European brethren with everything they need to combat Communism? Perhaps the spending of a few million dollars this way would prevent the spending of billions of dollars and millions of human lives in fighting another world war.

For this war is by no means inevitable. The line can be held, and the Communists who are weak in their own country, devastated by the Germans, ill-governed for many decades, and with most of the people only reluctantly following their bellicose leaders, will not dare to start a war if they know that their adversaries are strongly resolved upon resistance. If the line is held for a decade or so, and it can be, consequences of enormous importance will ensue. For Communism, like every revolutionary movement, is dynamic and cannot survive a period of stagnation. If it is prevented from expansion it will start withering away. And then the forces, spiritual and temporal, supporting the Christian and democratic ideal will find themselves in a position of building up a new world in which men will be united, or at least, will try to be united in faith, hope, and charity.

Let's face the facts in China

by FRED A UTLEY



Chiang Kai-Shek's attempts at building a central, democratic government have received little support from us

IN November 1937, at the Brussels Conference called to talk—but do nothing—about Japan's war on China, the Chinese representative, referring to the failure of the League of Nations to stop Japan in Manchuria in 1931 or Italy in Abyssinia in 1935, made a statement even truer today than it was then. "The sky is dark," he said, "with chickens coming home to roost."

The chickens hatched by President Roosevelt at Teheran and Yalta, and by President Truman at Potsdam, are now coming home to roost in droves. Czechoslovakia's fate was not sealed just last February. Her submission to Moscow was decreed in the same secret deals with Stalin which delivered the Poles, the Serbs, the Slovenes, the Hungarians, the Rumanians, the Bulgars, the Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and Finns to Communist domination,

and may yet bring the Austrians, Germans, and Chinese behind the Iron Curtain. Czechoslovakia enjoys only the distinction of being eaten somewhat later than her neighbors. As we now know, by prior agreement with Stalin, America's victorious forces were halted when nothing stood between them and Prague in order to let the Red Army "liberate" Czechoslovakia.

The evil that men do lives after them, whether it was premeditated or not. Roosevelt's good intentions can no longer obscure the fact that he threw away the fruits of victory in a senseless endeavor to win Stalin's friendship by limitless concessions of principle, small nations, and American interests.

The argument that Communism can be defeated wherever there is a democratic government intent on reform and on raising the standard of life of the



Part of the American Air Force leaves China. They salute the Honan forces

"common man," has been exploded by the Communist seizure of power in Czechoslovakia.

No one accused the Czech Government of the sins usually ascribed to the National Government of China, but Czechoslovakia has now fallen under the iron heel of the Russian dictator, while China is still fighting to avoid absorption in the Soviet Empire.

Yet, General Marshall and President Truman have persisted in telling the Chinese that their troubles are due to the shortcomings of their government and that they must reform before we help them.

The American people have been awakened from the stupor engendered by the wartime efforts to convince them that Soviet Russia is a "peace loving democracy," but a new pipe dream born of wishful thinking now deludes them. The more recent illusion, fostered by some Republicans as well as by the Administration, is the belief that Russia can be stopped by dollars. In spite of the example of Czechoslovakia, which was more prosperous than other European nations and had a democratic government, commentators, columnists, and politicians have still not stopped telling us that Russia can be stopped by American relief and reconstruction gifts, and that only badly governed or nondemocratic or economically ruined nations succumb to Communist domination.

This fallacious idea seems to be at

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Students stage a demonstration against the Soviet occupation of Manchuria. They demand that Reds withdraw immediately



Wars have prevented the growth and expansion of Chinese industry. Note the very primitive method of carding wool.

the bottom of President Truman's and Secretary of State Marshall's long reluctance to give arms to the Chinese National Government. Ignoring the fact that China's desperate situation is due mainly to the destruction wrought by Moscow's agents, the Chinese Communist Party, and its army, President Truman on February 18 last stated:

"Nothing which this country provides by way of assistance can, even in a small measure, be a substitute for the necessary action that can be taken only by the Chinese Government."

General Marshall, in his testimony to the House Foreign Relations Committee, similarly ascribed China's ills to the failure of her government to institute democratic reforms, not to Soviet Russia's policies.

Whether the refusal for so long of military aid to China, as against the great help given to Greece and Turkey, was due to the same mistake which caused Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor—exclusive preoccupation with Europe—or to the Administration's desire to "save face," it is not possible to say. But we know that General Marshall spent thirteen months in China trying to set up a coalition government including the Communists. Had he succeeded, China would now be in the same position as Czechoslovakia before the Communist Putsch: ripe for plucking by Stalin's agents after a short period of boring from within. For two years after VJ Day, the United States, as a Chinese saying goes, was intent on getting the worm into the apple.

It would seem that President Truman and General Marshall should by now

recognize how mistaken their China policy has been. Yet, far from admitting that it was folly to have insisted on the inclusion of the Communists in a reconstructed Chinese National Government as the price of American support and aid, General Marshall, on March 10 of this year, told a news conference that America's Far Eastern policy had not changed, and that it still favors a broadening of the base of the Chinese Government to include the Communists. The next day, March 11, President Truman told the press that General Marshall had been "misunderstood," and that it not only is not, but it never has been, the policy of the United States Government to favor inclusion of the Communists in the Chinese Government. This statement by the President is not, to use diplomatic language, "in accordance with the facts." For in December 1945, and again in December 1946, President Truman issued statements requiring Chiang Kai-shek's government to achieve "unity" by agreement with the Chinese Communists.

In view of the contradictory statements issued by the President and the Secretary of State, and despite Congressional action last month, it is impossible at this juncture to say what our China policy is—if we have one at all. But we do at least know that the Administration is still not in favor of giving adequate military aid to the Chinese National Government to enable it to recover the huge territories lost to Moscow's agents, the Chinese Communists, largely as a result of American policy. For we now know that while we were refusing arms to China the Soviet Gov-

ernment was supplying the Chinese Communists with all they needed.

If China, now admittedly in imminent danger of being dragged behind the Iron Curtain, finally succumbs to the Communists, history will ascribe no small part of the blame to General Marshall who, in August 1946, had an embargo placed on the export of American arms and ammunition to the Chinese National Government in order to force it to come to an agreement with the Communists—an embargo which was not lifted until last summer, by which time the financial and military situation of Chiang Kai-shek's government had deteriorated so badly that the lifting of the embargo could help it little.

Today China has become almost the last refuge of those who persist in regarding Communism as a "new and better" form of democracy. It is no longer possible for the friends of the Soviet Union to continue representing Marshall Tito, or the Polish Government, or the Czech Communists, as "democrats," "liberal reformers," or "progressive forces fighting reaction" as they used to do. The facts are too plain and too horrible. But China is part of the "Far" East, unknown to most Americans except through the writings of the Communist-sympathizing journalists, authors, and professors, who for years have represented the Chinese National Government as wholly bad and the Communists as democrats and heroes without ties to Moscow. Those who, consciously or unwittingly, weaken America and strengthen Russia by representing the Communists as "progressives" and our friends as "re-

actionaries" are still influential in deciding United States policy in China.

It would, however, be a mistake to ascribe our refusal to aid the Chinese Government to suppress the Communist rebellion, wholly or mainly to the influence of Communist sympathizers in the State Department.

Another reason for our self-defeating China policy is the natural ignorance and misunderstanding in America concerning the problems of a country so far removed in space and time. Economically and in social organization China is still in the Middle Ages, in spite of the fact that her educated classes belong to the modern world.

China is at about the same stage of development as England and France in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries when the greatest need was for a king who could insure some security and liberty for the people by curbing the feudal barons—represented today in China by the warlords or independent provincial governors and by the Communists and the bandit leaders who have joined them. This does not imply that China ought to have an emperor, but it does mean that her greatest need is law and order which can be enforced only by a strong central government. The American demand for a strong and democratic China would be unrealistic even if China were not at war with the agents of a foreign power. To demand democratic reforms and a government elected by popular vote in a country composed mainly of illiterate peasants, and torn by civil war, is about as sensible as telling a man he must rebuild his house without bricks during a hurricane.

If the Communist rebellion could be put down and Russia kept at bay by American help and support, the basis for a subsequent democratic development could be created. In the years preceding Japan's attack the Kuomintang (National) Government was, in fact, leading China rapidly towards democracy by social and political reforms, by establishment of central government control over outlying provinces, by fostering industry and trade, and by creating a stable and prosperous middle class. But first Japan and now Russia have been determined to prevent China's evolution into a democracy. Already exhausted by eight years of war against Japan, China since VJ-Day has been torn to pieces by the Communists who have destroyed railways, mines, and factories, prevented reconstruction, deprived uncounted numbers of peasants and workers of their livelihood, frightened capital away from productive enterprise, and burdened the National Government, not only with the upkeep of a huge army to prevent a complete Communist conquest of China, but also

with the support of thirty-three million refugees who have fled to Nationalist territory to escape the Communist terror.

All these terrible compulsions which make reform impossible are usually ignored by the critics of the Chinese Government. Not only is the Chinese Government expected to ward off Communist aggression without our help and provide a decent living for the Chinese people in the midst of civil war while we help European countries which suffered far less than China in the war. Not only is China expected to telescope into a few years the social, economic, and political developments which other countries have required centuries to achieve. It is also demanded of China that she be all things to all men. She is told to establish a government and an economic organization of society which will be pleasing both to the democratic West and to the Communist totalitarians and their so-called progressive friends in America.

In the economic as in the political sphere the Chinese Government cannot do right in the eyes of its critics. If it were to allow free trade, free exchange, and uncontrolled private enterprise, it might please foreign business interests, but it would affront foreign

Vision: What people think you have when you guess right.

Imagination: Something that stays home with the little woman on her husband's night out.

—ANON

and Chinese "progressives." When it endeavors to control the national economy in order to promote industrial development and utilize foreign exchange resources for essential needs, it is labeled "Fascist," not only by its Right-Wing critics, but also by those who approve of a regimented economy only if it bears the Communist label. Pulled all ways at once China cannot move forward.

The faults of the Chinese Government, bad as they may be, are not those of a "Fascist" or other totalitarian regime. Its powers are not limitless, but far too limited. It interferes with the individual not too much, but too little. Its sins of omission are far greater than the sins of commission. Indeed its gravest fault is the ineffectiveness of its administration — its failure to force through necessary reforms and enforce its laws. It is too soft, not too hard. Whether or not any other government, led by men who aim at the establishment of democratic government, could have done better in the circumstances, the whole problem of China is distorted by those who paint a picture of a group of wicked and corrupt reac-

tionaries maintaining a totalitarian dictatorship.

No one who knows even a little about the Chinese background, unless he is a Communist, should indiscriminately blame the National Government for its failure to eliminate corruption or "improve the lot of the peasants." Since China has only about an acre of cultivated land per head of her population, it is difficult to see how the lot of her peasants can be improved unless, and until, there is peace and the development of industry and trade. And what we call corruption is not universally regarded as such in China. No one defends the use of political power to speculate at the expense of the people or form huge monopolies to exploit them. But ancient tradition and ethics in China demand that a man support all his family—not only his close relatives, but his uncles and aunts and cousins however far removed. This is not today the only cause of nepotism and corruption. The main cause is the inflation which makes it impossible for many government officials to live on their salaries, and which stifles industry and commerce thus depriving people of a livelihood outside government service. But it has to be recognized that China's old conceptions of morality are a great obstacle to the foundation of a modern state.

I am not a sinologist, nor have I spent enough time in China to become impregnated with the Chinese view of life, traditions, and atmosphere. But since I was once an historian I have a dim conception of what a miracle of readjustment most Americans expect of the Chinese people. "Changing the whole course of our civilization in a few years is more than the people can bear" was the way it was expressed to me by a Chinese scholar.

Ever since 1937, first the Japanese and then Russia in the person of the Chinese Communists, have been placing insuperable obstacles in the way of China's evolution into a democratic modern state. Without our help it is now impossible for the exhausted Chinese people to hold off the Communist menace while also overcoming the internal obstacles to reform and reconstruction. If our help is to be effective, we must take account of the realities of China's situation. We must cease demanding both military and political miracles, and we should abandon our holier-than-thou attitude toward a people and government which are beset by trials and difficulties greater than any we have ever known. Charity, understanding, and intelligence are required of us to help the Chinese solve their problems and to ensure lasting peace in Asia as in Europe—and the greatest need of all is understanding.

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Evils and Boll Weevils

ONE OF THE NURSERY couplets that has been read to children for a good many years and which children recite is Stevenson's,

"The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

We might just as well, in the world of today, make the verses rhyme with evils and boll weevils, and with even more sense. The world, it is true, is certainly still full of a number of things, but kings are obviously not very happy anywhere any more. When someone shouts, "Off with his head," it is likely to be not the Red Queen doing the ordering but one of the beloved subjects.

Who is going to save us all—the kings, teachers, mill workers, housewives, presidents, and tramps? That is, if we are to be saved. Will it be one of the military high-ups who surely ought to see what is coming in a military way, who are urging us to train our young men who, they say, can't be prepared adequately in less than a year for a war which, they say, may come in six weeks? Is it a Cabinet that seems to see no Communist weapon until it hits them on the head? Is it the judicial arm of our government, whose highest court passes a verdict that, because one little lad is embarrassed because the other children are learning a few facts about God and His laws and the little lad's mother is an atheist, the whole country must toss religion from its children's hands?

Saving the Saved

I TELL YOU I am weary of hearing men of all professions and persuasions talk at banquets and luncheons and breakfasts about Communism. They talk in the main to people already convinced, and what good does that do? If these men of eloquence would get out in the market place and in Union Square and in every place where Communists gather and talk, as they do, to the misled, and let them make these people understand that help cometh from the Lord much oftener than from Stalin, we might get somewhere.

In Italy there is a priest, Father Lombardi, a Jesuit, who is doing just that. He is speaking everywhere but not in the palaces where men sit and listen who are well fed, who can still get food by paying fortunes for it, who nod approval at forthright statements and then go home for another good meal. He goes down into places where Communists congregate. Combining the method of Aquinas, who said, you agreed with a man as far as you could and then showed him where he was wrong, and Francis of Assisi, who preached love as the cure for everything, he speaks—and even the Communists, who heckle the political minded, don't dare interfere with him.

I suppose that business about buying and selling in the temple at Jerusalem had been going on for quite a while before Our Lord in dramatic fashion put a stop to it. No doubt well-dressed citizens had gone by on their way to pay their devotions to God without thinking much about it, or

perhaps even thinking what a nice little business that was. Then they passed by and worshipped God—in their fashion. But Our Lord came and we all know what He did about it. And no war started from it either. Unless of course the great moral revolution that is called by His name.

Our present intelligentsia doesn't think much of the poetry of our early American poets, but when I was a child they were still considered worth reading, and some of us are still reading that poetry. They were men of faith—Lowell and Bryant and Whittier and Longfellow. It might be a good idea to read aloud poems from some of them in our schools today—but maybe that would bother Mrs. Vashti Something, who asked the Supreme Court to please shoo religion away from her little boy—and eight of the nine men willingly granted her request. The men who wrote that poetry used freely and without apology the name of God because, poor misled men, they really thought there was a God and it would not hurt grown-ups or even children to hear about Him.

Lowell has a poem in which occur lines where Our Lord is speaking:

"With bars of silver and gates of gold
You have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold."

Later Our Lord brings before the men he is accusing two people:

"an artisan,
A humble, low-browed, stunted man,
And a motherless girl whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.
These placed He before them. 'See,' said He,
'The images you have made of me'."

The Black Menace

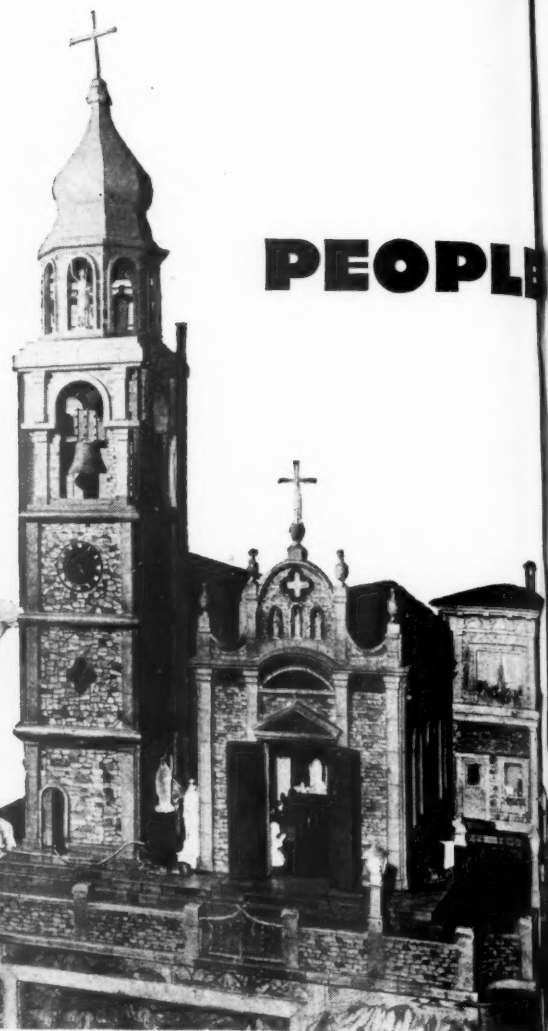
I AM NOT RECOMMENDING that this be read before school children, but I do recommend it to the lawmakers and candidates for president and heads of big business and so on. For it means more than the speeches and sermons that go on and on and on about the Red menace. Why not speak about the black menace, the menace of sin and selfishness which is to some extent in all our hearts? That is what Our Lord did. And also He gave first of all bread to the hungry. He gathered children about Him, any of them, not asking first if one was the child of a defeated nation and so not worthy of love.

For all my sarcasm I do honestly think that the really selfish are few, though I also think they are powerful. I think that there are very many kind people in the world who want to follow, as best they can, in the path of Our Lord or at least who follow the Christian tradition. They may not see clearly, but even if they see only through a glass and darkly, they do have some vision. The helping hand, as I myself have seen over and over, is stretched out, and even if here and there a blind beggar who is not really blind gets a few dimes in his tin cup, what of it? The instinct that helps him also helps the thousands who are really blind.



View of the altar and bridal couple. A sanctuary lamp burns over the main altar.

The chef works on the rectory that he built adjoining his church. It too is complete.



WHEN Dominic Zazzera left Italy as a teen-age lad to come to America, he had many plans. As a boy in his home town of Pieve, he often visited the village church. He spent hours examining its structure and admiring its beauty. Dominic took great pride in that church, for his grandfather had designed it. It was his dream church and he hoped to build one like it in America.

Since his arrival here years ago, Dominic has worked hard and has become a great chef in a large New York restaurant. He has been acclaimed by Toscanini and hundreds of other celebrities for his ability to prepare Italian dishes. Even after he had achieved success as a chef, he still harbored the secret ambition to build his dream church. So he set aside a room in his apartment and, in his spare time, began to build an exact replica of the church in Pieve. Today the model, pride of some five years work at a cost of four thousand dollars, is a masterpiece of detail. He even has a bride and groom marching down the plush-covered central aisle to the strains of the Ave Maria.

This dream church has been inspected and admired by hundreds of New Yorkers. Many have sought to purchase it. But it is priceless to Dominic, for it represents a boyhood dream come true.

PEOPLE

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MRS. DOROTHY WAYMAN, who appears below, is a mother of three children, a journalist and a convert to the Catholic faith. Left alone with the responsibility of rearing three children after the earthquake in Japan in 1923, Mrs. Wayman entered upon a journalistic career. She was the Cape Cod correspondent to *The Boston Globe* for nine years and then moved to Boston to join the city staff of the same paper where she covers the front-page news and featured articles.

Though she attended a convent school, Mrs. Wayman was not a Catholic. While traveling in Japan years later, she visited the University of Sophia and while praying in the chapel was suddenly struck by the universality of the Church which she says "is the same in Rome, Tokyo, or Boston." She attributes her conversion to the prayers of her former teacher, a good Nun, who prayed for her after she left convent school. "One of the many rich dividends of a convert," she says, "is the whole world of new literature that presents itself, as the writings of Marmion, Goodier, of St. Theresa, and St. Augustine." An interesting account of her conversion and of her travels as a journalist will appear in a forthcoming book entitled *Bite the Bullet*.

Mrs. Wayman says that she is from the old school in journalism and studied at the "College of Hard Knocks." Her formula for a good reporter is "to have a fairly good vocabulary, a sympathetic understanding of people, and to be a keen observer of events."

Inset: A contemporary picture of Mrs. Wayman, journalist & convert.
Circle: Mrs. Wayman interviewed Mrs. Saltonstall, wife of the Senator, during a gubernatorial election.





ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

She put her head on her fist and remained so for a little while

THE metal files had been bought secondhand. She supposed that this had been to help foster the belief that all of them were proletarians; for the local group of the Party had not been pressed for money in those days of the thirties. Now, the olive-drab enamel—surely a proletarian color—had flaked or been scratched away in patches and streaks, and by electric light the essential metal of the cases showed more clearly than by day. Comrade Randall had the uneasy and also unreasonable feeling that this meant something. Then she thought that it was only the night and her weariness operating in her.

She was alone in the office. Although it was close to nine-thirty, the wax-paper package containing a sandwich lay untouched at her elbow and she knew that the coffee had grown cold in its paper container. She did not commonly stay late unless there was some particular

Party business or unusual activity. There had been none today, nor was any contemplated, so that it was not altogether clear to her why she stayed tonight. It was true the files needed periodic checking and that since she had been placed in charge of them a year ago she had not made such a check, but she was honest enough to know that that was not her reason for staying tonight; nor were the two or three folders from one of the files more than the tangible form of an excuse as they lay on her desk.

This honesty which she applied to herself, and which was not only the core of her discipline but the sole residue of an early religious training, had other forms and projections. Although she knew that her own name and much concerning her were in the files, during the year she had had access to them she had never looked at the dossier on herself. Now, in this continuing mo-

ment of insight, she was able to see that pride alone had kept her from looking at the file. Pride in her discipline, her self-control, had stayed her, rather than any concern for the sake of Party security.

She paused a moment, in thought as well as in the almost casual motion with which her longish fingers leafed over the onionskin in the folder on her desk. Her gaze at a corner of the desk began as pensive but became fixed. She should really not be surprised at discovering now why she had not looked at the file on herself; she should not be surprised at either her or anyone else's doing the right thing for the wrong reason: it was a hallmark of the time.

The mood of discontent, never far from her, seemed so persistent now and changed in quality that she was moved to know why this was so. As though seeking a clue, her eyes moved casually from the ordinary objects of

more quickly but with less apparent reason, to where the name was repeated in the twelve-point headline over the one paragraph at the bottom of the folded newspaper. C. P. Official Married, it said. It was an unusual event, she knew, and even this capitalist paper recognized it as such. Many of those who held executive positions in the Party didn't bother to marry; and those who did marry were often secretive about it for one reason or another, sometimes, she thought, merely from habit.

But now she was becoming bitter, she told herself. It was a word common among them, both in thought and conversation. Anyone disgruntled or critical or contentious was invariably spoken of as being "bitter." At times, but only at times, the overuse of the word made it seem funny. As when in Jersey, Comrade Rosa Kostler had ruined her coat and wanted the Party to reimburse her. She also had been considered bitter.

And now she was bitter; but quite, she told herself, with the faint, forced shadow of a smile. It stayed on her lips

He had come into the Party early, while still an undergraduate. His people had money, the father owning a mill in a New England town. There had been considerable friction between father and son, but not, she was mildly surprised to note, because the father had had an antilabor policy, as Edmund had claimed. The difference had been over money and over girls, the number and kind the son had known. Almost, but not quite, the smile came back to Comrade Randall's face. The next item she casually looked at was the comment on Mowbray's attitude regarding the German-Russian non-aggression pact in 1940. He had been all right on that, too.

He would be, she thought. All of her paused a moment, as though to assess something. She had not willed the pause, any more than she had consciously willed a number of the things she had done today. He had been fine about the nonaggression pact, never a ripple in that hard, smooth surface of conformity she had once admired in him and thought of as a model of discipline.

Into the darkness of her long night, the

cold light of truth crept, and she

who had thought herself free

found that she had never known

the meaning of the word

by HARRY SYLVESTER

Day of the People

desk and office—the calendar, turned to the date, April 30; the newspaper, opened and folded back to an inside page—to the thin section of the Square she could see through the window without rising from her chair; to a locked cabinet, once reputed to contain ammunition, but which she knew held nothing but photographic equipment; and finally to the folder on her desk again and the name typed across its top, Edmund Mowbray.

From the name her eyes moved, now

as she began to leaf through the Mowbray folder. Some of the items were in a kind of shorthand which she could not always read — a series of initials and abbreviations. A.V.D. didn't come clear to her, although N.C.S.P. did; presumably it meant No Change Since Purge. Which purge? she asked, then catching herself, wiped the smile from her lips. She was becoming not only bitter but frivolous.

There was little in the file that she did not already know about Mowbray.

Maybe it was discipline . . . Even now she didn't know.

That pause or hesitation had reached in her a kind of height or climax, as though the scaling of a wall had been somehow involved and now she was at the top of the wall and hesitating to make the descent on the other side. The hesitation was resolved for her: gradually and even with reluctance she began to think of how others in the Party had behaved when the pact became known; the so-called "little people." Their re-

◆ After dinner, the young marrieds had engaged in their first argument, and for the rest of the evening neither had spoken. Unable to bear the silence any longer, the husband finally decided to give in.

"Please speak to me, dear," he said. "I'll admit that I was wrong and you were right."

His wife sniffed. "It won't do any good," she retorted. "I've changed my mind."

—Francis Mullins

What's the Use?



actions had involved anger, of course, scorn, despair, and in at least one instance she knew about, a never very stable little man, a factory worker, had gone mad. But these reactions were not clear in memory; indeed, they served only as a background for the suicides—for the needleworkers in the hall bedrooms, for the short-order cooks, the high school teachers, the owners of secondhand book shops who had killed themselves when it had happened.

At the time she herself had been shocked; somehow it reminded her of her own defection from the Church in which she had been raised. Yet her violence then had been interior, a wrenching of herself loose from not only religious but family ties. In her own case they were almost synonymous. And she was reminded now of her grandfather, a Presbyterian minister in Pittsburgh, and how he had opened his church for the poor to sleep in during that depression winter of 1893. So that if when she was a junior at college, she had become disillusioned and angry with her father because he happened to be an executive for a steel company during a strike, now these years later, she could only wonder how it had come to be that the son went such a different way from the father?

And she in turn had gone another way from either of them. Or had she? With that same sense of slow shock which had been with her all the day she saw that it had not been so different from her grandfather's. If in Pittsburgh a long time ago a young minister had scandalized certain of the populace by throwing open his church as a dormitory, she supposed she had not greatly betrayed her heredity. Even this thought was informed with a kind of pride; and yet she had ceased an indefinite number of months ago to take any pride in her life or in the convictions which informed both.

Her fingers closed the dossier on Edmund Mowbray. It would have been nice, she thought with unwilling irony, if so folding and filing it away she could also banish him from her mind. But that was something she had never been quite able to do, even after she was no longer his girl, even when there were other men.

When she started to open another folder on her desk, she noted that her fingers trembled imperceptibly. In a sense it was forbidden fruit and who, she thought with separate irony, was she not to be disturbed at the prospect?

This folder was thinner than many of the others. Just what this indicated she could not readily decide; perhaps it was the inverse measure of her conformity. In it she discovered that she had been born in Pittsburgh, when and of whom. Again she almost smiled. Succeeding items were equally disappointing—when she had come into the Party, her background, who had recommended her. There was no adverse comment or note of any sort in these early pages and she supposed that was one more thing in which she should take pride and somehow did not.

There followed the record of various activities in which she had engaged—her conduct while picketing, how effective a soapbox speaker she was, how she had behaved the twice she had been arrested and the once she had spent a night in jail. N.H. was the comment two or three times, No Hysteria. No, indeed, she thought, there had never been any hysteria. Sometimes, she thought, it might have been better if occasionally there had been some sort of outburst. But there had never been any; it had all gone on inside her. She supposed it was that contained ferment which had given her the drive, the form of her discontent. And she wondered if the old minister, her grandfather, had felt some male equivalent of hysteria but, like herself, had contained and directed it, making it into a measured defiance of some of the things he had felt to be wrong with the time in which he lived.

It made her think of her own motivation. When she had entered the Party in the thirties it had been the fashionable thing to do in the circles in which she had moved at the University. This was a historical fact and inescapable. There had been other reasons, too, other

HARRY SYLVESTER has published short stories in *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Story*, etc. His work has also appeared in several anthologies of prize stories.

than a concern for justice and the revolution, and some of these had been no better than her own desire to do the popular or fashionable thing. In this connection she remembered the surprise, not to say dismay, of some of the younger males when they discovered that however Proletarian she might be and concerned for the general welfare, this did not extend to her person. One of them had stated ruefully that he suspected Comrade Randall of being something of a puritan and he had wondered what Marx would have thought of that. It had been amusing then—although it had made her self-conscious—and she supposed it was even amusing now. She smiled again but almost immediately saw the smile as one more defense against thought, against old pain. For she had been also reminded that Mowbray had been the first.

To help break thought and restore her to the present, she turned over two or three more sheets of the onionskin and came unexpectedly on the first long report in her file. It concerned her conduct during that incident in Jersey, the one in which Comrade Kostler had ruined her coat.

Because she herself was only two or three years out of college then, she had been assigned to help direct a student demonstration in Philadelphia. In her own city she and Mowbray had met students from two or three colleges and gotten them loaded onto a chartered bus. One of the first to get on was a Negro girl. It so happened that she was the only one of her race on the bus, although no one was aware of this until the bus had started. She had sat alone in the back and this had made Comrade Randall uneasy. Twice she had started to go and sit with the Negress, but made some excuse to herself the first time for not going and the second time was dissuaded by Mowbray, who said that he wanted her to sit with him, that the Negro girl "could take care of herself."

The bus stopped in a small Jersey city for supper and as the load of students started through the door of a middle-grade restaurant, the cashier had stopped the Negro girl. The girl seemed more hurt and dismayed than indignant, and even most of the students seemed to be at a loss. But Mowbray had known just what to do; she remembered admiring him at the time for the quickness with which he organized a demonstration.

They had in the bus, paint, cardboard, and other materials for making placards, and these had been quickly turned into appropriate signs while the students formed a picket line in front of the restaurant. It was growing dark and a number of people trying to enter the restaurant reacted variously. The manager of the place tried to stop the demonstration

by offering to let the colored girl eat in the restaurant, but Mowbray told him it was too late. Then someone called the police, but meantime some people insisted on going into the restaurant. It was then that Comrade Kostler gave her all by lying down on the sidewalk in a coonskin coat in front of the doorway and screaming. It succeeded, too, in keeping people out of the restaurant.

A little later two policemen arrived and told Mowbray that they would have to arrest him if he didn't call the demonstration off. To Mowbray's credit, she remembered, he had not been afraid. But herself and others persuaded him that their appearance in Philadelphia was more important than what they were doing here. After Mowbray ended the demonstration, the management let them into the restaurant and there, while she was eating with Mowbray, Comrade Randall had happened to glance up and saw the Negro girl at a table, alone.

On the bus, when they resumed the journey, the Negro girl again rode alone in a back seat.

If it had disturbed her then, Comrade Randall thought, she could still wonder why she had had to wait until now before seeing what had happened then as part of something else, the monstrous perversion of what had been a good intention, beyond irony, beyond hope of reclamation. At school she had majored in political science, so that she had long been prepared for the form or the organization outgrowing and taking the place of the idea. Yet she could wonder now if there had not been some flaw in the Party's idea, some failure to recognize all the component parts of human nature—man's capacity to be more brutish and more angelic than any animal?

It was pretty late in the day for such thinking, she knew, and then almost immediately knew that the idea was an old one in her. What was new about it was its present appearance on the surface of her consciousness, as though its natural buoyancy had finally succeeded in forcing it up through the bog of her thought. She smiled again, knowing her self-pity should not make her liken her thought to a bog. There had always been a modicum of clarity, complicated at times by emotion or a form of anger, sometimes even by pity.

Now that none of these emotions was present, it was as though the clarity functioned alone, if one could speak of clarity functioning. Existed was perhaps the better word. Now existed without complicating emotions or feelings. And yet there was one, she saw, something she could call by its proper name of fear. Yet what she feared was not altogether evident. She thought the fear could hardly be due to certain changes

in politics, that the Party instead of being fashionable in certain circles was now quite the opposite, that there was even talk of outlawing it. Besides, to think that she should fear for political reasons was a blow to her pride . . .

She had gone to jail once for her convictions and she thought that she could again endure to do so. But what if her convictions were no longer there: that would take the heart out of anyone, rob her of any hard-bought asceticism she had acquired. But no, that couldn't be; she still believed . . . It was the fear of being alone, that's what it was; she was sure of that. Once she had thought her intellectual resources sufficient to her, to any situation in which she might find herself. Now that she was unsure of this she wondered why and when the change had taken place.

It had been years since she had seen her family. The last time had been when her father died. Almost she had not gone home then, but decided that that asceticism or imitation of it which the Party advocated in certain personal relationships—although not in all—did not apply here. She had expected some sort of bitterness, but there had been none, her mother distracted, the brothers more gentle than she remembered them, gentle and along with their concern for her, something like regret and even envy. They were both married and family men and she had had to wait until here, now—sitting by night in the dingy office—to understand finally what their envy had been for. They were their grandfather's children as much as she, and they had actually seen her as a free spirit, someone who had gone her own way, emancipated . . .

Their attitude then, compared to what she had thought it would be, had never been appreciated by her until now. Briefly, she wondered if she could ever return to them for help or a place of refuge. These were rather dramatic terms in which she was thinking and she wondered why. But before she could



Twice she had been arrested, and once she had spent a night in jail.

make an answer, she realized that she could never return to her brothers for anything. Not because of them or what might be called their attitude, but because of her own. She could never return to anyone.

Yet she had known that for years and now wondered why she was reminded of it here and with such force and clearness? Was it because after ten years she was thinking of leaving the Party? Now that she had said it in her mind, she knew consciously for the first time, that she had been thinking of leaving it.

She put her head on her fist and remained so for a little while, but all she could remember strongly was her brothers singing the "Whiffenpoof Song" that time she had gone to visit them at Yale. They had been fond of the song and summers had sung it at home and in the mountains where they went for August. She could remember much of it herself. "*We are poor little lambs that have gone astray.*"

That was about enough of that, she thought, raising her head again. She had never thought of herself in those terms and she was not going to begin to do so now.

As she began to leaf over more of the sheets of onionskin, the song kept returning in bars and fragments. "*Gentlemen rankers out on a spree—*"

She felt the color come into her face. Another thing that had bothered her for a long time was whether she and most of the others who held any sort of rank in the Party had the right to be what they were. Someone had called them once "the fashionable imitation of proletarians" and she had resented it then. Few of them had come from what they sometimes called "the people," although they could always point to an elementary concern for justice and social change as their excuse for being in the Party. And yet the intention had not been that pure, not with any of them, she knew, herself included. They were "gentlemen rankers" and in a way what they had become involved in was for some of them a "spree."

The papers in the folder began to turn again under her fingers. She came on a note which at first she was not sure pertained to herself. It was literally that, a note typed by someone who did not use a typewriter well. It was dated in August of 1940 and at first the initials signed to it possessed no meaning, although there was another renewal of the sense of shock. The initials were E.M.

The note itself read that there seemed some doubt of Comrade Randall's complete loyalty to the Party and that she would bear watching. Yet the cause for

(Continued on Page 61)

With the 1948 baseball season getting under way, this is the time for the so-called expert to climb out on the proverbial limb and try to pick the order of finish in the two major league pennant races. So with explanations and apologies below, here is the way we think the sixteen teams will finish in the big leagues:

AMERICAN	NATIONAL
1. New York	1. Boston
2. Boston	2. Brooklyn
3. Detroit	3. New York
4. Philadelphia	4. St. Louis
5. Cleveland	5. Cincinnati
6. Chicago	6. Pittsburgh
7. Washington	7. Chicago
8. St. Louis	8. Philadelphia

Taking the leagues individually, here is the way they shape up in the American League.

New York Yankees

The World's Champions, picked to repeat again, could run into a string of misfortunes that could, with any show of strength by Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, and Philadelphia, drop them into the second division, a place they haven't tenanted since 1925. These possibilities, as we look at the drab side first, are a slowing up of Rizzuto and Stirnweiss around the keystone sack. Also a slowing up of the veteran outfield of DiMaggio, Keller, and Henrich. This was the Yankee picket line back in 1939, and that's a long time ago as ball players go. However, if Keller and Henrich should bog down, the Bombers have a capable replacement in Johnny Lindell, who might even win a regular job, and a couple of sprightly youngsters in Cliff Mapes and Ed Stewart. First base is a question mark with veteran George McQuinn unlikely to play more than a hundred games. But while he is able, he'll be good. The Yankees are not strong behind the bat as the Dodgers proved in the last Worlds Series. Yogi Berra, however, does wield a potent bat. Lollar and Niarhos, his replacements, are only fair. But in sizing up a ball club, you shouldn't concentrate on weak spots, but on strong. Chances are that the outfield and the infield will be as good as last year, and that, as you remember, was great. But it is in pitching that the Yankees really stand out with a staff that is star-studded and power-packed all the way. In holdovers Frank Shea and Allie Reynolds, Red Embree from the Indians, and Ed Lopat from the White Sox, they have four of the best pitchers in baseball. Then they have one-hit Bill Bevens, who should be rid of the hard luck that plagued him in 1947 — and a couple of pretty good young prospects. And don't forget baseball's best relief pitcher, Joe Page. The

SPORTS . . .

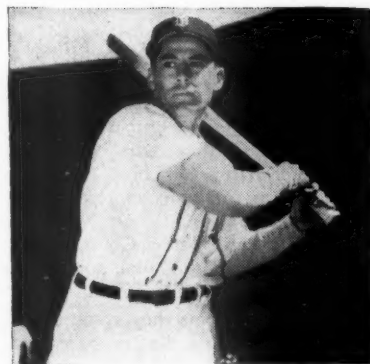
Yankees will hit well enough; they will field fine, but, in the last analysis, their pitching will carry them through ahead of

The Boston Red Sox

With Joe McCarthy at the helm, the Red Sox will be tough to beat from start to finish. Many experts, of course, will pick them to win, and they might, but from this corner it looks like second place. With Stephens obtained from the Browns and Spence from Washington, the Sox have strengthened the infield. Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky, Dom I Maggio *et al.* should be as good as ever, perhaps better, but Boston, like the Yankees, is still weak behind the bat. The one thing that prevents a selection of Boston as a pennant winner is the pitching staff. It has too many question marks. Joe Dobson, winner of 18 last year, should cop 20 this time, and Jack Kramer and Ellis Kinder, rescued from the Browns, should help. But that's only three. Tex Hughson, Mickey Harris, and Dave Ferris who won a pennant for Boston in '46 were bothered with sore arms last year and won only 29 games among them. Were the three fit again, I'd pick the Red Sox to win, but there's no guarantee that they won't be troubled again. As we intimated, the Red Sox will run the Yankees neck and neck right to the wire. It may be that they will outlast the New Yorkers, but I doubt it. But they should top

The Detroit Tigers

The return to stellar pitching form of Hal Newhouser and Dizzy Trout, improvement by Virgil "Fire" Trucks, and young Art Houtteman, and continued effectiveness by Freddie Hutchinson, who topped the staff with 18 victories in '47 will make the Tigers tough all the way. Early reports indicate that the men of Steve O'Neill will match the Yankees in pitching, but, unfortunately from a Detroit standpoint, they don't match them in the other departments. Infield woes, which have been plaguing O'Neill for years, are still abundant. George Kell at third is the game's best third baseman, and Eddie Lake at short should have a good year, but second and first are still too



Eddie Lake, Tigers' shortstop

spotty. The Detroit outfield always threatens to be the best around, but that threat usually peters out by midseason. Problem child Dick Wakefield may snap out of it this year and reach the stardom that was predicted for him after his great year of 1944. If he does, he could carry the team along with him. Pat Mullin, Hoot Evers, George Metkovich, etc., are adequate but need more spark. Steve O'Neill will need every possible break to win, but third place looks like tops for him.

The Philadelphia Athletics

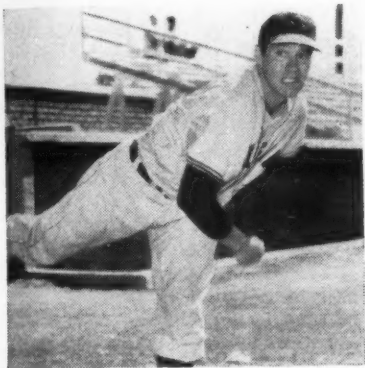
Here is an improving ball club that last year was better than any Athletic team since 1933. Good sound pitching, a fair infield, a solid outfield, and superb catching should get the A's into the first division. Connie Mack can call on good starting pitchers day after day and that certainly will be a help. Marchildon, Fowler, McCahan, Christopher, and Savage are good hurlers by any standard, but a rookie, Leland Brissie from Savannah, may turn out to be the best in the league. Twenty-three years old, 6 ft. 4½, and weighing 215, he won 23 and lost only 5 for Savannah last year with the remarkable earned run average of only 1.91 per nine-inning game. Watch out for him.

The Cleveland Indians

Each year, the Indians trade off one of their best pitchers. Last year it was Reynolds, this year it's Embree. That leaves only Bob Feller who is great and Bob Lemon who is good, but they're not enough. Lou Boudreau is a standout

by Don Dunphy

at shortstop and is a good manager, but unfortunately he never has enough to work with. The infield and the outfield are fair and Hegan is good behind the mask, but the Tribe is too light with the stick to get anywhere.



Cleveland's Bob Feller

The Chicago White Sox

The Pale Hose always seem to be in a process of rebuilding, but the path is a rocky one. Manager Ted Lyons will try hard but won't get very far with a collection of fading veterans and unproved youngsters. Aaron Robinson, obtained from the Yankees for Eddie Lopat, should help behind the bat and lend some needed punch, but Lopat was the team's best pitcher. It looks like a long haul for the Sox.

The Washington Senators

It looks like a long haul for this outfit too. Joe Kuhel, the new manager, is a magician on the side, but rabbits out-of-hat won't help the Senators. Only the presence of the Browns in the League prevents the dusting off of that old bromide, "Washington, first in war, first in peace, and last in the American League." Early Wynn, Walt Masterson, Sid Hudson, etc., could win with a good team but not with the Nats.

The St. Louis Browns

This is the nearest thing to the Wreck of the Hesperus since the original. Last year with a few good ball players the Browns played to empty seats. Now the ball players are gone and even the seats may not show up.

Now for the National League: The Boston Braves

Hopes are riding high in the Hub for the first N.L. flag since 1914. Manager Billy Southworth has put together a good solid ball club that ought to sneak home in a wild five-club race. The Braves finished only 8 games back in '47. They'll be much better in the coming campaign. The pitching staff is potentially great. Sain and Spahn, 21-game winners, will get more help from Bill Voiselle and Clyde Shoun. Alvin Dark comes in as the most heralded shortstop in years. With Eddie Stanky at second base, he'll have a coach on the field to ease him over the tough spots. Outfielder Jeff Heath was known as a malcontent in the American League, but Southworth is adept at handling such cases and should make him a real star. The rest of the outfield, with Holmes, Litwhiler, and Russell, is good. Masi is adequate behind the bat. In the last analysis though, the mound crew plus Bill Southworth should carry the Braves through.



Jackie Robinson

The Brooklyn Dodgers

The Dodgers have too many question marks to be selected to win, although they certainly have the material capable of repeating. If Harry Taylor gets over his sore arm, if Rex Barney gets control, if Joe Hatten has another good season, the Dodgers will be tough. But those aren't the only questions. Can Pete Reiser come back? How about the loss of Dixie Walker and peppery Eddie Stanky? Will Durocher have the old zip and daring after his year off? Everything has to break right for the Brooklyn. They'll battle it out all the way, you can be sure, but they figure to be nosed out in a close tussle.

The New York Giants

Pitching, or the lack of it, has held back Mel Ott's crew for years and again figures to be the main source of worry. But Giant power is tremendous and should carry the Club to third place.

If Jansen repeats his great year of '47, and Kennedy and Koslo, or one or two of the others, should come through, the Giants could win, but it's practically the same pitching as last year, and that wasn't good enough.

The St. Louis Cardinals

It's been many a moon since anyone picked the Redbirds as low as fourth, but they are a fading dynasty. Great players like Marion, Kurowski, Moore, Slaughter, etc., have been in the same surroundings too long and have tasted success too often to be able to generate the drive you need to win in the usually hectic National League. They'll be fortunate indeed if they don't drop into the second division.

The Cincinnati Reds

This team is improving and could possibly slip into the first division. Barring injuries, Ewell Blackwell will be terrific again. The rest of the mound staff should be fair. Tommy Stallcup at short will make them forget Eddie Miller. The team will hit well, and Johnny Neun will have them hustling. Biggest single factor for success outside of Blackwell could be Fordham Babe Young, at last established as a regular and contented.

The Pittsburgh Pirates

The Corsairs after a flying start last year slumped into a last place tie with the Phillies. Capably handled by Billy Meyer, one of the game's astute field leaders, they figure to climb a little. Bob Chesnes, a great pitcher on the Pacific Coast, and the Brooklyn Dodger Alumni (Walker, Gregg, Higbe *et al.*) should provide some lift. But the Pirates have a long way to go. So have

The Chicago Cubs

Manager Charley Grimm is a swell banjo player, and on dark days he can lead the Cubs in singing about the "Good ole days," for all the Cubs seem to have is their memories of better times. The club hasn't got a top-notch hurler. In fact, outside of Phil Cavaretta and Andy Pafko, it hasn't got a top-notch anything. Cliff Chambers, from the coast, may help on the mound, and so would a return to form of Hank Borowy, but the team needs an overhauling. It will be lucky to stay ahead of

The Philadelphia Phillies

Here is a collection of once greats, almost greats, and rookies coming back for a second or third trial. Dutch Leonard and Schoolboy Rowe, a couple of American League castoffs carried the club on their aging backs last year, but how long can that go on? Verban and Miller will make a classy second base combination, and Harry Walker will hit, but that's all brother!

All the Rice in China



John Gutmann - Pix

This Chinese youngster, rice bowl empty, longingly watches laborers transplanting the shoots that will mature rapidly and bring forth a bountiful harvest of life-supporting grain

RICE always has been and is today the staple food in China of all classes. This grain is cultivated, however, not only in China but in a great many countries where conditions of heat and moisture are favorable to its growth. Traveling throughout South China, one views an almost endless succession of rice fields, or rice paddies.

But China's "good earth" still is cultivated according to archaic methods. The implements are as primitive as in ancient days. No modern improvements have been adopted. Manual labor only is employed. The machine age has not yet dawned on China.

The seed is first sown in highly fertilized patches of mud. Within a few days the seed sends its shoot above the earth to a height of two or three inches. Then the shoots are thinned out and transplanting

takes place. Other fields have been prepared and flooded with water ankle deep. Rice plants must be kept constantly wet or the grain will not mature. In the early stages of the crop, the rice fields present a vast green carpet which gradually turns to yellow as the grain ripens. When it is time for the harvest the fields are drained so that the reapers work on dry ground.

In China rice is cut by hand, then threshed. In this state it is covered by a brown hull or coating which must be removed before marketing. This is done by flailing, treading, or working the rice in a large stone mortar. After husking, the grains are usually polished a glistening white. A very useful by-product of rice in China is the soft, fine straw which is used to make hats and shoes.



As far as the eye can see, in many parts of China the land is terraced into rice paddies. Even before the fields are green-carpeted it is a pleasing panorama



The women of China share the manual labor. Here they cultivate the fields, heads protected from the hot sun by large-brimmed hats manufactured from rice straw



These women standing in ankle-deep water pluck rice shoots for transplanting to prepared harvesting fields



Water buffaloes pull primitive plows in the culture of the "good earth" in China. Archaic methods prevail

Passionist Missionaries from the United States know well the value of rice to the Chinese people. Their missions are in the Province of Hunan, known as the "rice bowl." In good times Hunan harvests millions of tons of this grain. Paralyzing droughts and floods, however, often ruin the crops, bringing untold misery to the more than ten million people in Hunan dependent upon the grain. Severe damage to the rice fields during the war years still retard the rice harvests. The Reds realize the importance of control of Hunan. Not only is it a land of potential riches. Control of the "rice bowl" will enable them to enslave the millions of peace-loving people who call it home. The world at large little realizes the import of such a tragedy to the Chinese and to all the nations of the world.



IT WAS at the Drake's I met Nan Gilian. Out of the usual whirl that invariably accompanied a Drake evening, I saw her coming toward me.

She said, "Dr. Gist!"

"Bill to you, same as always," I told her.

"The Dr. Gist," Nan insisted. "The famous diagnostician. I'm told they even come from Mexico to consult you."

"A Mexican did consult me once," I said. "He was in town here — on a binge."

"You're too modest," Nan said. "If you make a better mousetrap . . ."

It was all on the surface. We were sizing each other up. I was shocked, frankly shocked, to see Nan. When she and Gil—she always called him that—left for the Middle West she was a blooming bride of nine months' standing. I knew they had lost a baby, but time heals that.

"How's Gil?" I asked.

"Oh, as usual."

The flatness of her voice alarmed me. I had always thought of their marriage as made in heaven. I remembered the wedding, and Nan's excitement over their honeymoon at a place called Green Bay. They both liked the sea; Gil's work was taking them to the Middle West, and they meant to fill their lungs full of sea air. They both sent me postcards, the "having a wonderful time" variety, but I knew they meant it.

When it came time to leave the Drakes, I said, "Gil calling for you?"

"I don't think so."

"Let me drive you home," I offered.

We laughed a lot going home in the car. It wasn't very sound laughter; I think we both knew we were putting on a show, talking too casually, glibly, about the early days. I wanted to ask her some things, but my wits or maybe my courage deserted me. The shock of seeing Nan like this hurt me right through. But I did spar for an opening at the end.

"Look, Nan," I said, "my appointment book says you're to see me at my office tomorrow at eleven."

"For Pete's sake why?"

"I want to give you the once over."

"Maybe I can't afford . . ."

"Rot," I said. "We were friends once, Nan. There are things you should not let go too far."

I wondered if she at all suspected my motives; she did look at me with a sudden gleam, half hope, half fear; as if to have the secret thing gnawing at her come out into the open might be horrid but helpful. Gil was in the lobby of the hotel where they were staying until they could find a place. His firm had moved him back. He got up when he saw us come in; he had changed, too, you could see that. He put on a good show of greeting me, too; but there was tension and I got away quickly. Gil, I thought,

Something to remember

The doctor's words were harsh, but in the brief time he promised them perhaps Nan and Gil could find the cure for the illness destroying their happiness

by LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

you fool, Gil! Can you stand by and see Nan go this way? Haven't you eyes, or heart? But I knew it's the outsider who often can see most.

When I got home I rang up Patricia Drake.

"Pat," I said, "what's happened to Nan and Gil?"

"What do you think?" Pat said.

"I think she looks ill."

"That's the doctor in you," Pat said.

"Why don't you coerce her into your office?"

"It's an idea," I said.

I rang off. You could never get much change out of Pat. She was a brusher-off; a casual; in and out of divorce; and with skin like leather.

At eleven o'clock next morning my nurse said, "A Mrs. Gilian is waiting. I told her she had no appointment, but she insists she has."

"The customer is always right," I said. "show her in, please."

"Hello, Nan," I said, "I was afraid you mightn't come."

"Gil didn't want me to."

"No?"

"He said never go to a friend if you're sick. And I'm not really. You know that."

"A good doctor knows nothing in advance," I said. "From this moment you are just another patient, understand? Now how much weight have you lost lately?" I put her over all the jumps. I stood hesitant when it was finished.

Nan said, "Am I as bad as that?"

"Can you take it?" I said.

She looked half startled.

"Go on."

"Right now," I told her, "you're only half alive. I want you to do just what

I say, Nan. It's the only chance I see. I want you to forget everything else but resting and making the most of—the next few weeks. I want you to go to the sea."

It was as if I had struck her. "Oh no," she cried, "I—I couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Gil . . ."

"I'll talk to Gil," I said.

I did. He came in, when I made an appointment, reluctantly, defensively. "What have you been giving out with to Nan?" he demanded. "I think you've pretty well frightened her."

I said, "Sit down, Gil."

He sat down. His eyes roved my office and I think he was impressed; then looking at me he began to take alarm.

"You don't mean," he said, "that Nan . . ."

I put a hand on Gil's shoulder. "You may be going to lose Nan," I said as gently as I could. "I'll know in thirty days from now how serious this is. I've told Nan she must have rest and sea air. Normal exercise—walking, swimming, in reason—won't do any harm. There's nothing else I can suggest in the meantime. Quite frankly, I can't hold out too much hope, Gil, but get her away as quickly as you can. Let everything else go. I'd suggest Green Bay. She liked it there."

"My God," Gil said.

"Be a little casual about it at first," I suggested, "but if you're a wise man, Gil, and want to save yourself from self-reproaches later on, you'll make the next thirty days something for you to remember."

He got up. I was afraid he might ask me for details, and I didn't want to have



ILLUSTRATED BY M. BOULDIN

At the station, when they saw me off,
Nan got me aside for a moment.

to give any details; but he was too stunned.

"Thanks for breaking it this way," he said, "but for God's sake if there's anything in the meantime . . ."

"Nothing," I said.

He stood there, looking almost like the old Gil—the Gil I had known before; a bit changed, but with the changes falling away. I recalled the look in his eyes that day when I was his best man, and we turned slightly to see Nan coming up the aisle, the look almost of fear in him as if he were afraid he mightn't be worthy of her or not be able to make her happy as she deserved to be. Something of that look, but more desperate and intense, I saw now; the appeal in his eyes knifed into me, but I knew I must let it go at this. We could only hope, I told him, for a miracle. It was not impossible. He shook my hand and went away, and I stood there wondering

if I had done right, if I had now done everything I could. It is not easy to do things for those you care about as much as I did Nan and Gil.

I have still the postcards they sent me—stamped, as before, with the Green Bay postmark. One from Nan first. Then one from Gil. Then one initialed by them both.

There were pictures of surf beating on the outer rocks; of the little town they walked in to for their mail; of fishing boats going out with the tide. There were little hints on the cards of the small things they were doing.

Then Gil wrote me a letter.

"I don't want to kid myself," he wrote, "but this sea air seems to be doing Nan all sorts of good. I never saw such a change in anyone in so short a time. Maybe I'm only fooling myself; maybe it's that kind of blooming that comes in certain cases—I wish you could

see her and tell me—but it looks like health to me. Whatever happens, Bill," he wrote, "I've got to thank you for something. These days Nan and I have had here have had something, even more than our honeymoon. Maybe you knew it, or maybe you didn't but things had happened to us. We'd begun to drift apart, to take each other for granted. It was my fault mostly, I see that now. But you snapped my head back that day in your office. I guess you never realize how precious a thing is until you know you may lose it. At least Nan and I have found ourselves again."

I wrote back, "Keep hoping. I'll be down to see you."

At the end of the thirty days I went down.

They both looked browned and blooming. But Gil, still desperately anxious, urged, "Get it over, Bill. Is she

(Continued on Page 62)

The Italians Speak Their Minds

They were asked: Do you think the Italian people are afraid of Communism?

And, do you think that the ERP will place Italy on her feet?



A Restaurateur: We will have few glad days with the Russians and no stability which is what we desire most of all.



A Campagna Schoolteacher: Even if it comes we will fight it with religion. For that very reason, I think it will fail.



A Musician: The air will not be free if they come. We will be plagued with bureaucracy as in the days of Mussolini.



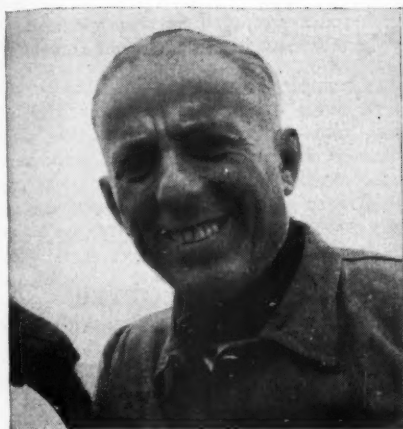
Calabrian Schoolgirl: I have always been unhappy. Mother said it was different years ago. I am afraid of the Reds.



Milan Auto Worker: Why be afraid? The Communists will do more for Italy than the House of Savoy and their friends.



Farm Wife, Po Valley: We have so little, what is there to lose—Communism or no Communism? We want to end our days in peace.



Garageman, Turin: Many malcontents could be weaned away from the Reds by this aid — if there is sufficient quantity.



University Student, Rome: If nothing else the ERP will restore our confidence in world unity, the family of nations.



Bologna Cattle Farmer: ERP would help a lot. It would keep out Communists — unless they come with their armies.



Calabrian Housewife: How can they send enough across the sea? We need so very, very much. Only God can help us now.



Tarento Housewife: The Communists don't like it so it must be good. Maybe I will put a new dress on one of these days.



Dairy Worker, Abruzzi: ERP would have to send plenty of farm material. Maybe Russian collective farms are just what we need.

THE opinions of the political experts are always at our disposal. They can be had by merely reading the daily newspapers. But those of the ordinary man are difficult to obtain. This is especially true when this ordinary citizen happens to live across ocean and sea. Yet there is something authentic and enlightening about his opinions; in his explanation of how national policies affect his own little world. It is always interesting to hear him speak his mind whether it be on local elections, national policies, or world crises.

The inquiring photographer traveled through Italy for just that reason: to have the ordinary people speak their minds on the two important questions of the day — Communism and American aid. Many of them expressed great fear of Communism and think that the

only way they could possibly suffer more than they have would be to fall into the hands of the Commissars. Some are so weary and dejected that they feel that Communism couldn't possibly make things worse. As the old farm lady said: "Communism or no Communism, what have we got to lose?" Perhaps the most poignant reply was from the little schoolgirl who seeks a little peace and happiness "like it used to be when mother was a little girl." But the seed of Communism has definitely taken root in many hearts, and they actually await the day of Soviet "liberation."

The European Aid Program provides the one glimmer of hope. Even then, many doubt if it will help, or that it will come soon enough. Others are skeptical as the musician who said: "Pay this fiddler and he will play."



Irene Dunne pays a visit to her dying uncle (played by Oscar Homolka) in this scene from "I Remember Mama"

by JERRY COTTER

STAGE & SCREEN

Sentiment Plus

IN transition from book to play to motion picture, Kathryn Forbes' *I REMEMBER MAMA* has increased its portions of sentiment and heart-tugging emotionalism to a considerable degree. But the result is never maudlin or distasteful; rather it is a sincere and wholesome attraction that stands well to the forefront of the screen's best.

Much of the abundant credit for the picture's success belongs to Irene Dunne, who wins new honors in the most demanding role of her career. Displaying a versatility rare in cinema annals, Miss Dunne becomes the hard-working, patient, and plodding Norwegian mother who watches over her brood, guiding them through troubled and happy times. The dialect she has assumed for the role is in line with the other qualities of her superb portrayal, creating one of the very finest vignettes of the past decade.

Others in the cast who help make this episodic, but poignant picture of family life the hit that it is are Oscar Homolka, Barbara Bel Geddes, Barbara O'Neil, Philip Dorn, Rudy Vallee, and Edgar Bergen. The latter two are especially effective in brief bits. Director George Stevens and producer Harriet Parsons deserve high praise for their supervision of an appealing portrait of family life. It is both lively and sentimental, tender and vigorous, and a real treat for the entire movie-going family. (RKO-Radio)

Reviews in Brief

SUMMER HOLIDAY is a free and easy adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's *Ab Wilderness* with emphasis placed on musical interludes and comedy. As such it is an excellent adult affair, highlighted more by its acting than the story itself which is almost lost in the confusion. Mickey Rooney turns in one of his better performances as the small town adolescent, and the others in the cast including Walter

Huston, Frank Morgan, and Gloria DeHaven manage to maintain the proper balance between the dramatic and the musical portions. Though this is a story about family life in the New England of 1900 and the youngsters would probably find most of it fascinating, it belongs in the adult category. (M-G-M)

A novel mixture of slapstick and melodrama that never quite comes off successfully, *HAZARD* needs greater assistance than cast, director, or writers have supplied. An improbable yarn about a girl who cannot resist the lure of the gaming tables and gets herself into all manner of trouble as a result, this manages to be only fair entertainment. Paulette Goddard overplays badly and Macdonald Carey's talent is wasted. Second rate in every department. (Paramount)

Standard backstage musical material is on view in *APRIL SHOWERS* with Ann Sothorn and Jack Carson giving it a lift through their sprightly work as a passé vaudeville team. Lack of plot originality is partially compensated for by the inclusion of several song hits of yesteryear, a gimmick now enjoying wide popularity in the studios. It is a nice, nostalgic touch to insert these old-time ditties in musical movies; it would be even better to have a few new twists on that tired old musical formula. For the undemanding adult's list. (Warner Bros.)

Produced in Germany amid the ruins of the last conflict, *THE SEARCH* is a moving, frightening study of the havoc war has wrought in the lives of Europe's homeless children. It is the story of one child's struggle to find a normal pattern again after losing his mother in a concentration camp. Escaping from the UNRRA allocation group, a nine-year-old Czech lad finds refuge in the quarters of an American

soldier. Eventually he is reunited with his mother, but there are thousands who never do find the happy ending. They are the little-publicized victims of war, and this expertly produced documentary goes a long way toward remedying the situation. It should be seen by every adult. (M-G-M)

The cynicism of John Marquand's best-seller, *B.F.'S DAUGHTER*, has been toned down considerably in the movie version and the result is high caliber drama with actors, director, and scriptwriters blending their abilities quite effectively. The clash of ideologies which characterized the original story has been carried over, but the conflict between economic theories is subordinated to the romantic angle. While the picture is more than a bit verbose in spots, it is continually absorbing, and the presence of Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Coburn, Van Heflin, Keenan Wynn, Spring Byington, and Margaret Lindsay in the cast is important in creating the proper illusion. For mature audiences. (M-G-M)



John Ford changes pace with *FORT APACHE* without sacrificing either artistic effect or the solid entertainment values that a major portion of the audience seeks. Setting his story against a background of the Indian Wars in the Arizona desert country, Ford has guided an unusually able cast through a thrilling, well-knit story that carefully balances action with characterization. All the essential ingredients have been deftly dovetailed in a script that is always interesting despite its excessive length. The players, all of whom are in top form, include Henry Fonda, John Wayne, Shirley Temple, George O'Brien, Ward Bond, Irene Rich, Victor McLaglen, Pedro Armendariz, John Agar, Dick Foran, Guy Kibbee, and Anna Lee. Musical score, photography that is often breath-taking in its beauty, and Frank Nugent's tightly knit screenplay are also on the credit side of this excitingly different outdoors drama that should keep both youngsters and oldsters on the rim of their seats. (RKO-Argosy)



SCUDDA HOO! SCUDDA HAY!, adapted from George Agnew Chamberlain's novel built around the mule trade, is pleasantly bucolic, undramatic, and relaxing. The title derives from the expression mule drivers use to urge the animals into action. The camera divides attention between the problems of the humans involved and some interesting and new angles on the nature and prowess of the long ignored, lowly mule. June Haver, Lon McCallister, and Walter Brennan act out the simple dramatics of the story with unspectacular skill. Off-the-beaten-path material for the family. (20th Century-Fox)



Van Johnson and June Allyson are teamed effectively in a madcap farce entitled *THE BRIDE GOES WILD*. Though neither of the stars can be classed as players of unusual merit, they do inject some spirited moments into a script that occasionally falls flat in its efforts to be hilarious. Johnson is seen as the author of a series of popular children's books who masquerades under the pen name of "Uncle Bumps." Away from his typewriter, "Uncle" is fonder of the bottle than he is of his young readers, and, when a

Margaret Lindsay watches skeptically as Barbara Stanwyck meets Van Heflin in "*B.F.'s Daughter*"

★

Henry Fonda, Shirley Temple, and John Wayne in "*Fort Apache*" story of post-Civil War days

★

Lon McCallister takes June Haver for a ride behind his own mule team in "*Scudda Hoo! Scudda Hay!*"

prim young teacher turned illustrator is assigned to work with him, the fracas begins. The only comedy trick omitted is the custard pie routine. Butch Jenkins, Hume Cronyn, and Una Merkel contribute their share of laughs in supporting roles. Designed to please adults in search of hearty slapstick rather than subtle humor. (M-G-M)

A serious, thoughtful drama, adapted from the prize-winning stage play, *ALL MY SONS* is not without its flaws. Despite fine acting, taut direction, and a script revision that adds substance to the Arthur Miller original, this falls short of being a forceful, compelling indictment of war profiteers. Telling of a manufacturer who deliberately turns over faulty equipment to the Government and thereby causes the deaths of some twenty-one plane crews, and the suicide of his own son, it depends on a false philosophy for solution. The industrialist takes his own life and thereby, if we follow the line of Miller reasoning, washes the family slate clean. The impact of the story is lessened considerably by this immoral climax, and even the splendid characterizations of Burt Lancaster, Edward G. Robinson, Frank Conroy, Howard Duff, and Louisa Horton cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again. (Universal-International)

A large portion of the audience will view *MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE* with sympathy and understanding. A timely comedy built around the current inevitable difficulties encountered in an attempt to solve the housing problem by one home-seeker, it is a slick production in every department. Cary Grant and Myrna Loy are quite expert in the comedy field, and as a city couple who decide to build that long-discussed "dream house," they add immeasurably to the funmaking. More than just a laugh-fest, this also points up a serious problem that seems no nearer solution today than it was three years ago. The "Mr. Blandings" of the nation may not always treat the situation as tolerantly and light-heartedly. (Selznick)

Only the twinkling portrayal contributed by Barry Fitzgerald saves *THE "SAINTED" SISTERS* from complete disaster. Two glib swindlers of the 1890's, fleeing to Canada with their loot, are forced to take shelter from a storm in a small Maine town. There a crusty old bachelor threatens to expose them unless they turn their ill-gotten gains over to the needy of the village. Classified as a comedy it falls far short of the mark except for a few typical Fitzgerald touches. Veronica Lake and Joan Caulfield are merely adequate in the title roles of this featherweight adult artificiality. (Paramount)

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE is loosely constructed, confused, and in highly questionable taste. It is a mystery story in which the loose ends are never tied together quite convincingly. Performances of Charles Boyer, Jessica Tandy, and Ann Blyth are technically impressive but not sufficiently spectacular to overcome the entirely unnecessary treatment of marital infidelity and the unrefreshing frankness employed in several sequences. Another item for your objectionable list. (Universal-International)

Adventure in the Orient, plot #6428 in the scenario department file, bobs up again in *SAIGON*, a puerile melodrama with familiar complications. Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake give but slight credibility to their routine roles. A whizz-bang fairy tale for the adults. (Paramount)

Because of its timeliness, *NINOTCHKA*, the comedy that makes the Commies appear even sillier than they are, is being released again. You may recall it as the farce built around the humanizing process a typical Moscow fanatic undergoes when she is exposed to the capitalistic atmosphere of Paris. Greta Garbo never appeared to better advantage

than in this biting satire, with Ina Claire, Melvyn Douglas, and Bela Lugosi being of considerable help. More than just a jibe at the Red rogues of the Kremlin, this superb satire is excellent adult fun as well. (M-G-M)

George Raft's paunch has supplanted his punch, so it stands to reason that his more recent melodramatic efforts rate on the pallid side. *INTRIGUE* is not the exception, despite all the standard gimmicks thrown in before the fade-out to add color to a pale yarn set in postwar Shanghai, with Raft cast as an ex-pilot engaged in black-market operations. This has been done before with far better results. (United Artists)

The New Plays

A George Bernard Shaw revival can usually be counted on to arouse playgoers from a late-season lethargy, but the most recent, *YOU NEVER CAN TELL*, just doesn't jell. GBS himself admitted that he was ashamed of it and for once we're inclined to agree with the garrulous Gael. In spite of Leo G. Carroll's expert underplaying, a colorful Theatre Guild production, and a cast of eager Thespians giving their all to the occasion, it resolves into nothing more than a dated and wordy ado about little. Shaw was never a man to use one word when a dozen were handy which is an acceptable fault when flecked with Shavian witticisms. But when it merely serves to highlight his garrulosity without the necessary compensating humor or form, then it is merely a waste of time and effort.

ME AND MOLLY is a simple, homey comedy about a Bronx family written by Gertrude Berg who was responsible for the radio success of *The Goldbergs*. Styled along the lines of a soap opera, with Miss Berg and Philip Loeb in the leads, its appeal is limited to followers of the serial-style drama. Competently acted and written in placid dialect, it has flashes of humor, sandwiched between large slices of pathos. Hardly a Pulitzer Prize contender, it is nevertheless a friendly and passably interesting excursion.

Hollywood's foibles and eccentricities have long attracted satirists who have turned out reams on that quaint California town which leaves its impress all over the globe. In *JOY TO THE WORLD*, there is an attempt to arouse audiences to the "menace" of restrictions on the moviemakers and the importance of "artistic integrity." The author, Allan Scott, seems as much confused about the whole thing as his players and the aisle-sitters. As a comedy it is fairly amusing when it is not being objectionable; but as a clarion call to the "liberal" barricades it is off-key. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt essay the leads with less than spectacular results. Granting its faults, Hollywood still has the advantage over Broadway. When a movie is particularly dull all the producer need do is hire a few more cowboys or toss the hero into a flaming volcano. That is a sure-fire method for keeping the audience awake—a little trick that Hollywood's footlight critics have yet to master.

MAKE MINE MANHATTAN gathers together an odd assortment of night club comics, some clever lyrics, a minimum of objectionable humor, several good singers, and a group of really first-rate dancers. Poking the finger of scorn at such Manhattan stand-bys as Schrafft's restaurants, taxi drivers, subways, de luxe movie houses, drama critics, and Agnes DeMille, the revue's writers have managed to hit the bell with telling effect. Though it is colorfully designed, briskly staged, and performed with zest by its capable cast, this doesn't earn an unqualified endorsement due to the unfortunate myopia that prevents Broadway producers from investing money and time in any revue that is spotlessly clean.

The Hundred Million

by JOHN A. O'BRIEN

There are eighty million churchless people in this country. A few of our laity are blazing new trails in the work of winning them for Christ.

IN THE United States there are approximately 80,000,000 people who have no active church affiliation and there are probably 100,000,000 who rarely darken the door of any church on Sunday. If we are to win any appreciable percentage of these churchless millions to the Catholic Faith, we must enlist the active assistance of all our laity, especially in the recruiting of persons for instruction. The great success of our missionaries in foreign lands is traceable largely to the enlistment of a zealous group of lay convert makers called catechists.

A nation, Lincoln pointed out, cannot endure half slave and half free. Likewise, a nation cannot endure half Christian and half heathen. A house divided against itself cannot stand. The forces of paganism tend to spread and to change the rest of the nation into its own pattern of life. Christianity, therefore, must not merely seek to conserve its own, but in its own defense it must seek to Christianize the heathen portion of our land.

Some of our laity are awakening to

their responsibility to win souls for Christ and are blazing new trails for others to follow. We spoke the other day with Frank Estis in Chicago and learned of his remarkable apostolate in that city. For twenty-seven years Frank has been distributing copies of *Our Sunday Visitor* and other Catholic periodicals and pamphlets to persons in hospitals and in jails and to the general public through the medium of pamphlet racks established in bus and railway stations and in other public places in and around Chicago.

During 1946, Frank, with the aid of a few associates, was instrumental in winning 243 converts and in bringing back 89 fallen-aways to the Faith. His achievements in 1947 were even greater. In that year he and his associates were instrumental in making 332 converts and in winning back 104 lapsed Catholics. During 1947 Frank and his co-workers distributed more than a million pieces of Catholic literature, numerous Rosaries, Sacred Heart badges, prayer books, and leaflets.

Another fine piece of work was ac-

complished by George M. Reichle, a young instructor in the Speech Department at Notre Dame when he was suddenly called into the armed forces. While in the service, George piled up a record as amazing as it is inspiring. He personally instructed forty-one men among the officers and the enlisted personnel and saw each one of them baptized by a priest. He knelt at their side when they received their first Holy Communion. He was a true salesman for Christ. Let us cite two cases of special interest from the letter George wrote to us:

"Mr. Smith was an enlisted man, about thirty years of age, holding a Master's Degree, a widely read man and well educated, and extremely proud of his talents. He came to me out of what he called mere curiosity, found fault with most everything said, challenged me to accompany him to his Baptist minister. This I did. The three of us had four most interesting discussions on confession, the Virgin Mary, why priests do not marry, and purgatory. These discussions, though I had never told the Catholic Chaplain that I was holding them, were less heated and more rational than one can imagine. I still hear from the Baptist minister.

"But Mr. Smith still had his difficulties. I got several enlisted men to begin with me a novena for a special intention. Three days following the completion thereof, Mr. Smith, who knew nothing of our novena, told me that he believed he had the Faith. The possibility of his ever being attracted to Catholicism, he declared, had been the one danger which he feared most since he finished high school. He had come to scoff but remained to pray. From there on in, as you know, Mr. Smith was no problem. What happened in his case was typical of each of the forty-one mentioned. If forty-one men entered the Church, it was prayer which brought them in.

"Perhaps a more interesting case was Captain Brown, a young Air Corps pilot instructor with the Cadets for more than a year. He roomed next to me in the

officers' quarters. We discussed men, women, drink, religion, politics, the army, the Air Corps, and most everything men speak about while in uniform. Captain Brown was a clean-cut man. My alarm clock used to grate upon him when it would ring at an early hour to assure my attendance at the first Mass on Sunday.

"One Sunday, hearing the alarm, he got up, dressed, and said he wanted to go with me to see what foolishness in-



Frank Estis of Chicago who in 1947 helped bring 332 to the Church

spired me. We went to Mass. Nothing much was said about it all. Then on December 24, he informed me that he would like to see what midnight Mass was. We attended. He seemed impressed. The following week two of his cadets crashed up and died. As usual, he and I held a post-mortem on the crash. There were many such crashes.

"During that particular session he asked me where I thought those two cadets were at that particular time, now that they had died. I forget just what the answer was. He called for several Catholic books. Within three weeks he began instructions, insisting that such action on his part was only to qualify him for more intelligent discussion. I knew better. Within three months he was thoroughly prepared for baptism and asked what his next step was. I suggested we go to the Catholic chaplain to tell him and to let him make the necessary inquiries.

"No, we don't," was his reply.

"I finally sensed that he would find it quite trying to be baptized there at the Air Corps station chapel. He and I caught a bus to the nearest Catholic parish priest who, in due time, administered the necessary sacraments. The first Sunday following his conversion, he and I attended Mass and received Holy Communion.

"On the next day, Monday, he was due at the flight line for some early instruction. We shaved, showered, and ate breakfast together. He went to the flight line . . . and I to the ground school

where I was instructing the cadets. Within less than an hour the crash alarm sounded. Ambulances, medics, and chaplains took off for the scene of the accident. Captain Brown was pulled from the wreckage. His death was a fact. So, too, was his conversion, thank God, and none too soon.

"I found his rosary at the scene of the crash. And my alarm clock, which seemed so instrumental in getting him interested, is among my prized possessions. But there was far more behind it all, as you know, than this old alarm clock, and that something again was prayer and God's good graces beginning to work."

What George Reichle did, thousands and hundreds of thousands of other Catholic lay men and women can do if they put forth the same effort. Winning converts for Christ requires tact, prudence, determination, stick-to-it-iveness, and tireless zeal. Usually the insurance salesman who calls upon the largest number of people sells the most insurance. Likewise, the salesman of Christ who utilizes every suitable contact to win a soul for Christ will have the largest number of converts to his credit.

The Witnesses of Jehovah are setting an example of zeal and aggressiveness which puts us in the shade and should also put us to shame. They knock at the door of every home and seek to win adherents to their bizarre and grotesque cult. Their young men and women stand at street corners and sell *The Watch-Tower* magazine in the effort to increase their fold. Despite the exceedingly low intellectual level of this group, they have staged the largest proportionate increase of any religious group in America. From an estimated membership in America of 44,000 in 1940, the Witnesses had skyrocketed by the end of 1946 to 500,000! Here is an increase of more than 1,000 per cent in the short period of six years.

In the course of a single year the Witnesses distributed more than 1,500,000 books, 11,000,000 pamphlets and 12,000,000 magazines in 88 languages. From 1919 to 1946 they reported the distribution of the staggering and almost incredible total of 468,000,000 books and pamphlets.

Let us compare that achievement with our own. A survey of the thirteen large Catholic pamphlet publishing companies shows that in 1944 they achieved an output of approximately 17,000,000. Let us be generous and say that the output of all the other smaller publishing companies lifted the total of all the Catholic pamphlets published in 1944 to 25,000,000.

This is only a drop in the bucket compared with the distribution achieved by the Witnesses. Because of our vastly

greater numbers, we should have distributed not merely 25,000,000 but 765,000,000 pamphlets in order to match the achievement of the Witnesses. In other words, where we are now distributing one pamphlet, we must distribute forty-five.

We would more than achieve that goal if every Catholic adult would take a pamphlet from the church pamphlet rack each Sunday and after reading it himself would circulate it among his non-Catholic friends. This means that there should be well-stocked pamphlet racks with thousands of inviting pamphlets on display in every church vestibule in America. The pamphlet lends itself to easy distribution, and every Catholic should circulate a new one among his non-Catholic acquaintances each week. This would remove much misunderstanding and doubtless would be instrumental in bringing many thousands each year into the Church.

A group of eighteen leaders in convert work, priests and lay people, have pooled the results of their thought and experience in this field in a symposium, *Winning Converts*, recently published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons of New York. Edited by the writer, the volume seeks to give practical, detailed guidance to enable our laity to achieve the greatest success in the winning of converts.

Catholic lay people can assist in the convert movement by living good, clean lives. Actions speak louder than words. An upright life is a most eloquent sermon for the Faith. Every Catholic should lend Catholic books and pamphlets to



George M. Reichle who made a remarkable record while in service

his friends outside the fold. He should invite a friend to come with him to Mass on Sunday. He should explain the Mass and the devotions of the Church.

By prayer and zeal in recruiting prospects for instruction, our 25,000,000 Catholic laity will thus assist our 40,000 priests most effectively in winning increasing numbers of the hundred million non-church-going people of our land for Christ and His Church.



Defects of the Kinsey Report

Although I am a registered nurse and have frequently conducted classes on sex instruction, I am concerned about the indiscriminate publicity being given to the Kinsey Report. One would expect this report on sex behavior to be restricted to the medical profession instead of being pushed into the best seller list. I hardly think you will review this book in your book section, but would you kindly point out its basic defects in the Sign Post?—R.B., PORTALES, N.M.

The Kinsey Report was compiled by three professors from the University of Indiana and published in a best-selling book entitled *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. Already more than 200,000 copies have been sold. In 804 pages weighed down with a mass of charts, graphs, and statistics, the book reports the results of a survey made when 5300 American males were asked more than 300 questions about their sex life. From the behavior of this relatively small segment of the population Dr. Kinsey draws sweeping conclusions about the sexual activity of American men. A typical sample of his calculations is his contention that 85 per cent of American men indulge in premarital intercourse and between 30 and 40 per cent are unfaithful to their wives. For those who are trying to convince themselves that sexual sin is "natural" the Kinsey Report will be a gift from hell.

Specialists like Profs. Hobbs and Lambert of the University of Pennsylvania have found fault with Dr. Kinsey's use of statistics. And most Catholics would suspect that there is something wrong with them. But even if, for the sake of argument, it be granted that the Kinsey calculations are accurate, the work is permeated with a basic error which vitiates all the interpretations being attached to his findings by Kinsey and his admirers. That basic error is something in which Dr. Kinsey glories—he treats man as a mere animal.

Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey is by profession an entomologist. He spent some twenty years studying the behavior of insects, with special attention given to the gall wasp. Dr. Kinsey observed thousands of wasps; the wasps followed their instincts with unflinching regularity; patterns of wasp behavior were charted and variations duly noted; so, being a good entomologist, Dr. Kinsey was able to speak authoritatively on what is normal and what is abnormal in the life of the gall wasp.

But when a specialist on insects attempts to study the nature of man with the same mentality and with the same methods used in studying the gall wasp, he makes a fatal error. Man doesn't act *naturally* by simply following his instincts as the wasp does. It is man's nature to control his instincts with his reason. And when he acts against reason, he is acting *unnaturally*, no matter how common or how frequent or how apparently normal such disregard for the dictates of reason might happen to be. So even though the Saunders Publishing Company assures any doctor who buys Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* that he "will find himself better able to define 'normal' and 'abnormal,'" and even though some of its enthusiastic admirers feel that the Kinsey Report "explodes traditional concepts of what is normal and abnormal, natural and unnatural in sex behavior," the book stands as a monument to the folly of trying to evaluate human behavior as if it were the product of mere animal energy, subject only to the peculiar restraints or releases provided by one's environment.

Dr. Kinsey insists that he has no intention of making a moral evaluation of his findings; he simply wants to report what men are doing sexually. Yet he bemoans the fact that society's moral concepts and sex legislation are so influenced by "the biologic notions of ancient jurists and theologians, or the analyses made by the mystics of two or three thousand years ago" (p. 203). He wants us to look upon sex as "a normal biologic function, acceptable in whatever form it is manifested" (p. 263). And he concludes his survey with a blatantly amoral and utterly behavioristic interpretation of sexual activity: "The six types of sexual activity . . . may seem to fall into categories that are as far apart as right and wrong, licit and illicit, normal and abnormal, acceptable and unacceptable in our social organization. In actuality, they all prove to originate in the relatively simple mechanisms which provide for erotic response when there are sufficient physical and psychic stimuli" (p. 678).

When confronted with a conclusion such as this, which would undermine all sex morality, we cannot help looking upon the Kinsey Report as another evidence that the only realistic approach to man and his problems, sexual or otherwise, is to see him as he is known to us by divine revelation. In other words, to see him as a fallen creature, with erratic impulses, a weakened will, and a multitude of conflicts, but nonetheless a free agent, redeemed by Christ, always within reach of the grace of God, and able to give God a reasonable service if he avails himself of the supernatural aids needed to keep him integrally human and to make him a sharer of the divine.

Mary of Cleophas

In the Sign Post for December you spoke of Mary of Cleophas as the "sister of the Blessed Virgin." I have always understood that our Blessed Mother was the only child of St. Joachim and St. Anne. Would you give a further explanation of this relationship?—L.L., ELMIRA, N. J., C.V.C., ROCHESTER, N. Y., M.M.CN., ASTORIA, L. I.

When referring to the women who stood by the cross of Christ St. John wrote, "Now there were standing by the cross of Jesus his mother and his mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene" (John 19:25). Commentators are not agreed whether this means that there were three women besides our Blessed Mother or only two. Those who hold the latter opinion identify Mary of Cleophas with the woman called "his mother's sister," while others maintain that "his mother's sister" refers to an entirely different person whom St. Mark calls "Mary the mother of James the Less and of Joseph" (Mark 15:40). In either case the term "sister" does not have to be taken literally but can mean a cousin or a sister-in-law. According to the ancient

historian Hegesippus, Cleophas was the brother of St. Joseph; so that would make Mary of Cleophas the sister-in-law of our Blessed Mother. But about the number of women at the foot of the cross and their precise relationship to the Mother of God we have no absolute certitude.

Effects of the Redemption

Since Christ's death was undergone to save mankind from sin, why was it not an all-out redemption—with no strings attached? Why, for example, does original sin still remain?—C. A. E., HILTON, N. Y.

Christ's death has wrought an all-out redemption. It is so powerful a remedy against sin and its consequences that it was working its effects long centuries before Our Lord's Passion was enacted historically on Calvary; from Adam to the contemporaries of Jesus, no man ever triumphed over a temptation or loved God with a supernatural life without deriving the strength to do so from the redemptive death of God's Incarnate Son. And just as the power of this remedy was operative before Christ's Passion actually took place, so too its effectiveness as an antidote against all evils besetting humanity is much greater than is evident at this stage of God's providential scheme. Already it can be said that Christ's cross has destroyed sin, subdued Satan, and taken the sting out of death, but the completeness of this triumph is not yet manifested in all its splendor. This is partly because of man's malice in not availing himself of the grace of Christ and partly because of God's own Will, designedly deferring the removal of bodily suffering so that we might walk in the footsteps of His Son, who entered into glory through a path of pain.

Although we can say that Christ's death effected an "all-out" redemption, we definitely cannot say that it is a redemption "with no strings attached." Nor is such a redemptive scheme desirable, because it would deprive men of the dignity accruing to them when they freely co-operate with God and conform themselves unto the likeness of Christ. Luther formulated a theology of redemption with almost "no strings attached" when he reduced mankind to a mass of utterly sinful dolts who could be sanctified amidst undisturbed passivity as long as they retained their confidence in Christ. In Luther's mind Christ was simply our substitute in the matter of undergoing a penalty; all the wrath of God's vindictive justice was turned upon His Son, who became the embodiment of our sinfulness; even the pains of the damned were exacted from Christ in His role as Victim for sin. These sufferings had no power to work a change in men's lives; depraved humanity could never be intimately sanctified; men would be justified before God simply by trusting in Christ who had borne the brunt of the punishment due to their sins.

The Catholic theology of redemption rests on an entirely different principle. It is called the principle of solidarity. This means that Christ, as the new Adam, summed up all humanity in himself and acted in the name of all His adopted brethren. He was not just a substitute who suffered a penalty on our account; He was a spokesman who loved His Father in our behalf and pledged us all to a love patterned after His own. In other words, to a love crucifying sin within ourselves. But Christ did not just commit His followers to a program of mystical death and then abandon us; He won for us the spiritual strength needed to execute the program. All this is summed up in one sentence by St. Paul: "For the love of Christ impels us, because we have come to the conclusion that, since one died for all, therefore all died; and that Christ died for all, in order that they who are alive may live no longer for themselves, but for Him who died for them and rose again" (2 Cor. 5:14-15).

But just as Our Lord in following His redemptive plans

had to associate Himself with the cause of humanity by becoming man, so too those who would profit by His redemptive death must become associated with the cause of Christ by becoming new men. This conjoining of ourselves to Christ is brought about by faith and charity and the reception of the sacraments of faith. Thus St. Paul could write of Baptism: "Do you not know that all we who have been baptized into Christ Jesus have been baptized into His death?" (Rom. 6:3). And it is because we must still be configured to a Christ who died on a cross that there remain in our lives such painful realities as suffering, temptation, and death.

From what has already been said about the need of associating ourselves with Christ so as to share in the merits of His death, it can be readily seen why original sin still remains the *natural* patrimony of fallen man despite that saving death. In God's present scheme for sanctifying mankind, we are not endowed with supernatural riches through generation, but by regeneration, i.e. by being born again into Christ by Baptism. If Adam had not fallen, supernatural life would have been conferred upon his sons by natural generation just as they received natural life from their father. But after the fall Christ was established as the sole fount of supernatural life; He is "the Father of the world to come," and consequently until we are reborn by Baptism we have from our own natural fathers only the shameful inheritance called original sin.

Introit of Requiem Mass

The introit of the Requiem Mass as set forth in my daily missal is marked 4 Esdr. 2:34-35. I presume that Esdr. is an abbreviation for Esdras, but my Bible does not have a fourth book of Esdras. Is there such a book? Or does the missal contain a misquotation?—W. A. D., NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

There is a book entitled the Fourth Book of Esdras but it is not the inspired word of God and does not belong to that collection of authentic books known as the canon of Sacred Scripture. It belongs to a class of pious pretensions known as uncanonical or apocryphal works. Both in the two centuries before Christ and in the early centuries following His death Jewish and Christian writers produced works patterned on the inspired books of Sacred Scripture and circulated them among the faithful under the name of one of the inspired authors. Sometimes such books were truly edifying and were held in high esteem, but they were still only the fruit of purely human authorship.

The Fourth Book of Esdras enjoyed widespread reverence and was quoted by both Greek and Latin Fathers of the Church. St. Ambrose especially admired it. And it has the distinction of supplying the liturgy with several texts which still occur in the missal and breviary, among them the introit of the Requiem Mass. Most scholars think that the book was written some time around 97 A.D., but opinions have varied from as early as 30 B.C. to 218 A.D. We do know that Clement of Alexandria referred to it, and he died some time around 215 A.D.

The fact that the Fourth book of Esdras is the source of several liturgical texts is no indication that the Church ever considered the book inspired. Many liturgical prayers are the work of uninspired authors, e.g., the *Dies Irae* of Thomas of Celano and the *Lauda Sion* of St. Thomas Aquinas.

It might be observed in passing that the existence of numerous apocryphal works like the Fourth Book of Esdras is a good argument against the Protestant contention that the Bible alone is a sufficient rule of faith since it was only the authority of the Catholic Church which was able to decide which ones of the many books purporting to be Sacred Scripture were really the inspired word of God.

Books

Edited by Augustine P. Hennessy, C.P.

COTTON IN MY EARS

By Frances Warfield. 152 pages. The Viking Press. \$2.75



F. Warfield she speaks for the deaf. One of the added burdens of deafness is that it so often elicits from others only annoyance or ridicule when it ought to engender pity. It was fear of causing this annoyance or of inviting this ridicule which made Frances Warfield adopt such ingenious devices and expose herself to such hazardous situations as she tried to hide her ailment for some twenty years. In retrospect those devices and situations are humorous, and they make an absorbing story when recounted by a girl with a gift for creating an atmosphere of lighthearted gaiety; but with all her good humor, it wasn't funny for Frances Warfield the day she wasn't quite sure whether her boy friend said, "Let's go to a matinee" or "Let's get married today."

But it was a deaf old lady named Nellie Dennis who said the wisest thing of all about deafness. She was being interviewed by Mrs. Warfield for the society column of the *Hartfield Register*. "People tell you nobody ever dies of deafness," she snorted. "That's nonsense. You do die of it, spiritually. A dozen little deaths a day."

One of the nicest features of *Cotton in My Ears* is that with all its gaiety it still helps us to remember those "little deaths."

MARY SHIELDS

MICHAEL

By Owen Francis Dudley. 302 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3.00

Father Dudley still does things on the grandiose and unsubtle scale. His Masterful Monk, a kind of clerical Ronald Colman, zooms from continent to continent speaking of the Kingdom of God, predicting the cataclysmic atom bomb, dabbling in psychology, plucking the cobwebs from young love, and absorb-

ing prodigious quantities of bonded liquor, all in the routine of a day's labor.

The vineyard ripe for his harvesting in the present chronicle is the obstinate heart of "Michael"—Michael St. Helier, introverted, hypersensitive son of an English Viscount, trapped by the repulsion of a too-plush home life. Priest and gentleman meet aboard ship bound for the New Zealand Congress, and to project Michael's interest outside of himself Father Thornton dexterously engineers his introduction to Gabrielle St. Laurence, also a product of the peerage but stanchioned in Catholicism. The romance between the archangelical duo is inevitable, though its consummation must wait upon the surcease of St. Helier's spiritual questionings—accomplished with his eventual entrance into the Church—and World War II, in which he acquits himself heroically.

Author Dudley's belletristic blueprint has not changed a whit since I used to glory in the monk's Galahadan crusades back in high school. My tastes have, I discovered after seeing him through the latest adventure. But for those whose literary sensitivities continue to be unoffended by the dogmatic manner of story-telling, the unmistakable whirr of axe grinding, and the slightly indulgent contempt with which this British writer seems to regard all "Colonials," here is a meaty novel.

LOIS SLADE

THE LABOR LEADER

By Eli Ginzberg. 190 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.00



Eli Ginzberg Dr. Ginzberg sets a high objective which he fails to realize. His aim is to deal "with materials that highlight the behavior of American labor leaders." He wishes to establish the principles of leadership from modern psychology and sociology, to present "factual information about a large number of top executives of representative unions" and "the alternatives that now confront labor leaders." The principles of leadership which he develops are not new. Machiavelli presented them years ago in *The Prince*.

The book's information about labor leaders is merely a statistical study on the terms of office of leaders of ten representative unions. Shorn of personalities, we have a Mr. Average which cannot be grasped. There is complete silence on the characters of individual leaders. There is nothing to tell us what makes men like John L. Lewis, David Dubinsky, or the late Sidney Hillman click. The description of the formation of a typical local with its growing pains is fairly well done, although Paul Gallico presented a far more vivid picture in a short novel published about eight years ago. The transition from business unionism to political unionism is worthy of thought. It is regrettable that the author did not develop this portion of the book to the extent that it deserves—especially in the light of events in such organizations as the United Automobile Workers CIO under the leadership of Walter Reuther.

JOSEPH P. CONLIN

STRANGER IN THE EARTH

By Thomas Sugrue. 371 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$4.00

On putting down this book one can only feel an emotion akin to sadness. As Mr. Sugrue says of himself, he is "enamored of the mystical way." For ten years he has been the victim of a crippling malady, suffering great



T. Sugrue

pain and pondering profound thoughts. And yet this Catholic writer in telling his life story, which he calls the story of a search, betrays a mind confused and a soul not yet at rest. His tenets and his conclusions make a strange sort of eclecticism for a Catholic. Indeed much about the Church causes him indignation. But perhaps that is because, as he says, "I wanted to shake and awaken and stimulate the Church down to its smallest altar boy."

The framework within which Mr. Sugrue has related the story of his life is not one calculated to appeal to the popular mind. It consists of a dialogue on the problems of life, sex, religion, science, and sundry other topics, carried on between the author as he bakes in a

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HOW TO ENJOY POETRY

by Robert Farren

If you don't like poetry and don't want to, avoid this book at all costs. Mr. Farren is very cunning and very persuasive in his determination that his readers shall enjoy poetry, and is backed up by the loveliest collection of poems imaginable.

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POOR SCHOLAR

by Benedict Kiely

This is a biography of William Carleton, according to Yeats the greatest of all Irish novelists. He lived through the famine of a hundred years ago, and his novels are still the source to which historians go for a first hand account of those terrible times. We don't know any Irishman better worth knowing.

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THE SACRAMENTAL WAY

edited by Mary Perkins

Selections from papers read at the Liturgical Conferences of the last five years. If you have any interest in the Liturgical movement (even a rather irritable one) then this book is a wonderful opportunity to find out just what it is all about—you will find it well worth while.

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HERE ARE YOUR SAINTS

by Joan Windham

Parents and children will agree that it was high time we had another collection of Joan Windham's everlastingly popular stories of the saints for children. These fifteen were chosen by the children themselves who have written her literally hundreds of letters demanding stories about the saints they are called after.

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Paper, thank heaven, is getting more plentiful, and we are beginning to bring back some of the books that went out of print during the war. These are ready: *THE QUEEN OF SEVEN SWORDS* by G. K. Chesterton (his poems on Our Lady) \$1.00, *A JUDGMENT ON BIRTH CONTROL* by Dr. Raoul de Guchteneere (\$1.50), *WHAT ARE SAINTS* by C. C. Martindale, S. J., (\$1.00) and *ST. THOMAS MORE* by Daniel Sargent.

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fever therapy cabinet and the clock on the wall, who is personified as "The Professor." From this dialogue certain vital statistics of the author's career can be gathered: born in Connecticut of Irish Catholic ancestry; educated at the Presbyterian Washington and Lee University; reporter on the *New York Herald Tribune*; special writer for the *American* magazine; and then the calamitous illness which fever therapy failed to cure but rather left the body crippled. What is not told in these pages is Mr. Sugrue's courageous, determined will to conquer the fetters of invalidism. He has carried on as a literary critic, journalist, poet, novelist, and biographer. He has written such books as *Starling of the White House* and *There Is a River*. It is the knowledge of this magnificence of spirit in the midst of affliction that makes it so sad to read how a mind and a heart and a soul seem still to accept so many counterfeits in the search for truth.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

By Geoffrey Gorer. 246 pages. W. W. Norton Company. \$3.00



T. Gorer

Maybe it's a fearless devotion to truth, or maybe it's just a cultured Britisher's disdain for the opinion of his youthful cousins, but at any rate Professor Gorer doesn't care at all about his popularity with Americans. After convincing himself that we are a people so hungry for love that we resent an unsmiling boot-black and are annoyed by a silent bartender, he has the audacity to confront us with an indictment which adds up to saying that we are a nation of perennial juveniles. It takes courage to hold an opinion like that, because the nearer the author comes to the truth the more surely does he invite a pommeling with brickbats. But I think only the really juvenile rooters for the glories of American culture will indignantly claim that Professor Gorer is all wrong. As is the way with anthropologists though, he does draw some sweeping conclusions from flimsy evidence, as when, for example, he interprets the American man's liking for milk as a symbolic yearning to allay all the infantile fears which were once quieted by mother. A look around any restaurant ought to be enough to convince us that Professor Gorer's fact is as questionable as his interpretation.

But it is always fun to see ourselves as others see us; and for those who won't get too peeved by a character study which reveals us as a people temperamentally rebellious against all au-

thority, constantly harassed by the fear of being sissies, pitifully in need of being assured that we are a success, and craving for love without feeling any obligation to return it, *The American People* will provide an instructive relaxation and some good topics for table talk.

ROBERT MICHELE

TUMULT IN INDIA

By George E. Jones. 277 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00



G. E. Jones

Divided loyalties, diverse dialects and religions, plus a cultural lag due to the incompatibility of their moral philosophy and new changes in economic ways, combine to create a virtual anarchy among the four hundred million suffering Indians. Mr. Jones feels that their powerful sense of tradition prevents "progress" in social ideas, but he finds a weakening of respect for authority in the cities stemming from the reaction against British rule.

This is a narrative of events leading to India's independence and division during 1946-47 when Mr. Jones was *New York Times* correspondent in India. He has a facile journalistic style which is convenient for the relating of facts and anecdotes but is thin and superficial in interpretations, particularly with regard to religion and philosophy. At times the author attempts to depart from journalism but falls into rhetorical expressions such as: "Indian politics is a welter of broad intellectual principles splintered by emotions," and straddles issues so as to appear objective. The character sketches are weak—Mr. Jones seems to fear injuring anyone's feelings. The importance and greatness of Gandhi is accepted but not demonstrated because Jones is not sympathetic with the Indian way of life and incapable of analyzing their actions. This is supposed to be a story of frustration and conflict in contemporary India due to the failure of the British to understand the Indians and the Indians to understand themselves. It is complicated by the fact that Mr. Jones does not understand the Indians.

RALPH E. LOMBARDI

LOST ILLUSION

By Freda Utley. 288 pages. Fireside Press. \$3.00

Some years ago a remarkable human document—the story of an honest, intelligent woman's disillusionment with Stalin's Utopia—was published under the title *The Dream We Lost*. The crowding events and emotions of the war years buried that book all too quickly, a fact which some of us considered tragic. It is gratifying, therefore, that

the work is now reissued, in a revised, simplified, highly readable form under a new title, *Lost Illusion*.

The original book was overlong and a bit turgid in spots. These faults have been remedied. What has been lost in passion has been gained in lucidity. *Lost Illusion* is biography with the impact of an intense novel. People have supped on horror so long that their palate is jaded. But Miss Utley's story is so real, so intimate, that no reader can remain indifferent. Seen through her eyes and heart, the ordeal of Russia is not politics or sociology but human pathos.

The pattern of *Lost Illusion* is by this time familiar enough: the honest young intellectual who accepts Communism, labors and sacrifices for "the cause," then goes to live in Russia and is profoundly, shatteringly, disillusioned. Miss Utley was a prominent English Communist writer, lecturer, and organizer. In the early 1930's she married a Russian and went trustingly to live in the Soviet Union. There her faith in the Stalinist cause and her private happiness were eroded, insulted, and finally destroyed during six cruel years. Her husband was arrested in one of the purges and she does not even know whether he is still alive.

Rarely in mortal history have physical horror and spiritual degradation been so beguilingly packaged in fine words and slogans as in the Communist evil of our time. This is the discovery Miss Utley suffered in her own body and soul and recounts effectively in *Lost Illusion*. EUGENE LYONS

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

By Arnold J. Toynbee. 263 pages. Oxford University Press. \$3.50

Pursuing his already popular thesis that civilizations are made and broken by a people's response to a challenge, Professor Toynbee sees our own Western civilization confronted today with a challenging crisis.



A. J. Toynbee

This challenge stems from our technological know-how, which has dwarfed the world, increased the tensions between classes, and multiplied the danger and horror of war, while being unable to abolish "the seamy side of human nature—or what the theologians call original sin." To meet the challenge we must take three steps forward, of which the third is the most important: in politics, we must establish a constitutional co-operative system of world government; in economics, we must find a compromise between free enterprise and socialism; and in the life of the spirit, we must "put the secular super-structure

back onto religious foundations."

In adducing history's testimony to prove a point or to highlight a problem, Toynbee sprinkles the development of his thesis with erudite interludes on such matters as Graeco-Roman civilization, Russia's Byzantine heritage, and Islam's impact upon the West. This creates an impression of haphazardness which does not help reader interest. But he redeems himself when he concludes with two pregnant chapters on "Christianity and Civilization" and "The Meaning of History for the Soul." In the former he refutes the calumny which maintains that Christianity's preoccupation with the eternal leaves it ill disposed for achieving the best possible society in time; in the latter he outrules the secularistic interpretation of history which makes the individual soul a mere means toward the achieving of society's utterly mundane destiny, likewise he rejects the extreme other-worldly view which makes it the soul's duty to disown the world as unredeemable, and finally he adopts the Christian optimism which urges the soul to see the world as a province of God's kingdom peopled with permanently weak and sinful subjects for whom there must be provided the maximum availability of divine grace.

In speaking about "higher religions" and their origins, Professor Toynbee does not always sufficiently emphasize the uniqueness of Christ and of Christianity. But he is obviously a believer and is sincerely trying to understand Christianity's role in saving the world. But with all due respect for his sincerity, it can be noted that the best things in *Civilization on Trial* have already been said in books like Maritain's *Theonas* and Dawson's *Progress and Religion*.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS ON THE HOME FRONT

By Francis E. Merrill. 258 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$3.50

Social Problems on the Home Front, written by a well-known sociologist at Dartmouth College, is an attempt to give factual information as to the extent of the major social problems which arose in the United States during the recent war years, and how precisely these problems came into being. One can think of more problems, and more facets of problems, than the author has discussed; the omission of moral and religious issues leaves some gaps to be filled; and because the author has maintained the specialist view of sociology, he has not concerned himself with solutions. Dr. Merrill has, however, done a valuable piece of much-needed research. To the criticism that it is not complete, one can only reply that no Catholic sociologist or social philosopher has

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A spiritual thought for the month



A Busy Lady

by

IGNATIUS SMITH, O. P.

MARY, to whom this month is dedicated, must be a very busy little Lady. She always had much to do.

In Nazareth she was a busy homemaker, even though as the Mother of God she had the most important career ever given to a creature. In Nazareth she was always busy cooking, baking, cleaning, weaving, and guarding Jesus, Joseph, and the others who lived in that little home.

When Mary followed her Divine Boy to Jerusalem even to crest of Calvary she continued to be very much occupied, and on crest of the crucifixion additional duties were entrusted to her. She who was the Mother of God became the Mother of men. Now she must watch over the interests of her Divine Baby on earth and bring the strength of heaven to enfeebled mankind.

After the Ascension of her Divine Son into heaven and until her own Assumption she, as the Queen of the Apostles and the Mother of the Church, continued to be occupied. She has to guide and console them in their missionary labors.

In heaven Mary must be a very busy Lady when one considers all the prayers to which she has to listen, all the favors she has to bestow, and all the affairs of this world which she is so successfully directing.

Mary must be a very busy Lady at this hour caring for the Church, the mystical Body of Christ. It is so torn and bleeding in so many lands, and it needs her special care. The Bishops, the successors of her friends, the apostles, need her protection everywhere. Those "other Christs" this Mother of the clergy must inspire and fire with heroic enthusiasm for the preaching of the word of God and for the propagation of the faith.

This busy little Lady is the Mother of civilization, and civilization is in peril at this time. We have civilization when the lower is subjected to the higher, when man controls sub-human creation instead of being ruled

by it. We have civilization when body is subjected to soul and when men and nations are subservient to God.

It is evident that civilization is in peril, because so many millions have lost the perspective of values and do not know which is the lower and which is the higher. And so many millions are unwilling to put their knowledge to work and to effect that control which will make them not masters of creation but worshipful subjects of the one true God. Our busy little Lady, who has created and saved civilization many times in the past, must busy herself with these tasks again today.

Our own United States of America adds to the manifold tasks of our busy little Lady at this time. This Republic is dedicated to her Immaculate Conception, and she loves us here where her Church has marched forward with such gigantic strides. It is well that Mary has busied herself with the affairs of our nation or we could never have risen to the heights of grandeur and glory we have attained. But never in our history have we needed the protection of Mary as much as we need her now. We must ask her to get very busy in the protection of our land.

We want the Queen of Peace to keep us at peace. We want the little homemaker of Nazareth to protect our homes and nation from erosion by birth control and divorce. We pray the Mirror of Justice to eradicate economic injustice from our land. We ask our Mother Most Amiable to crush bigotry in our nation just as she crushed the head of that other serpent. We pray our Lady, the Health of the Weak, to arrest lawlessness in our democracy. We implore her, the Vessel of Singular Devotion, to lead the millions of our irreligious people to put God back into our schools, our churches, and our lives. We ask the Virgin Most Powerful to rid us of these internal enemies that can destroy our country.

The busy little Lady has much to do.

done as much. Moreover, by studying the extent of each situation presented, and the causes indicated, one can thus indirectly arrive at some idea of what political, civic, and other action might have led to a diminution of the rather extensive disorganization which took place among us, remote as we were from the field of conflict.

The importance of such a study may seem, superficially, to have diminished with time, so as to become merely a matter of curiosity, or of academic concern alone. Yet surely Catholics, with their vision of the meaning of social organization upon earth, will feel a responsibility to examine what Dr. Merrill has to say, not only to have clearly in their mind what is yet needed to overcome any bad effects of war which are still with us, but also to discover what is needed to build a healthy social organization which will not break down so easily under the stress of war, economic depression, or whatever other social strain the future may have in store for us. For thinking citizens this book is of great importance.

EVA J. ROSS

COMMUNISM AND THE CONSCIENCE OF THE WEST

By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen.
247 pages. Bobbs Merrill Co. \$2.50

Despite the fact that millions live in fear and dread of Communism and are horrified at the cruelty of its adherents, few really know the basic philosophy of its founder, Karl Marx.



Fulton Sheen

If you are one who has tried to lay hold of his philosophy and have become lost in the maze of the antitheses of Hegel, or of the contributions of Feuerbach, Proudhon, and others, then this is the book for you. The Monsignor, as a great preacher, is very adept at breaking down profound truths for the understanding of the ordinary person. One chapter alone on the philosophy of Communism makes this book invaluable. But there is much else to recommend it.

Laying aside economics and politics, Monsignor Sheen considers the more fundamental issues of Communism and its growth. He shows that "there is not a single Russian idea in the whole philosophy of Communism. It is bourgeois, Western, materialistic, and capitalistic in its origin." He quotes Gurian's observation that it is "an effect and judgment on Western bourgeois civilization." And what Chaddaev said of Communism in Russia may be said of whatever progress it makes throughout the whole world: "It will triumph not because it is right, but because we are wrong." He lays the blame not on

the poor Russian peasants alone, but on all Western civilization, with its glorification of materialism and its abandonment of God. In brief, he lays the blame on our consciences.

There is an excellent chapter on the "Basic Defects of Communism," as also on the shifting attitude of the Commissars toward the family. He concludes with a beautiful chapter on Our Lady of Fatima and urges us to take up the Christian weapons of love, prayer, and penance.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

LITERARY CRITICISMS BY FRANCIS THOMPSON

Discovered and collected by Terence L. Connolly, S.J. 617 pages.
E. P. Dutton & Co. \$12.50

The publication of the book is a major literary event. Here at last, are Thompson's criticisms which had long been "consigned to the clement quiet of neglect." We are again indebted to Father Connolly for an important addition to Thompsoniana. This book enhances the great Catholic poet's literary reputation and enlarges our knowledge of Thompson, the man.



T. L. Connolly

The excellence of these reviews is astonishing considering the circumstances under which they were written. Thompson usually delayed his writing assignments as long as possible and often finished an article while standing under a street light. Yet editors welcomed his contributions with huzzas.

Thompson's critical writing revealed "the ability of a clever and well informed mind rather than of a genius," wrote R. L. Megroz, who did not have access to most of this material. W. E. Henley's estimate was: "I know not which to admire the more: his critical intelligence or his intellectual courage."

The wide range of subjects emphasizes Thompson's amazing knowledge. "Encyclopedic" is the right tag for his memory. (He was once commissioned to sell encyclopedias. In two months he made no sales but managed to read the entire set!)

It is a curious fact that Thompson, who is one of the most quotable of writers, is rarely quoted. This book sparkles with epigrammatic discernment. Alice Meynell's poetry is "feeling oozed through the pores of thought." Its elusive beauty is "the sound of distant water flowing under ice by night." Swinburne's prose is "his violence without his viol." Thompson's delicious sense of humor, another little known quality, is also evidenced. His remarks on anthologies makes us wish that he had compiled one.

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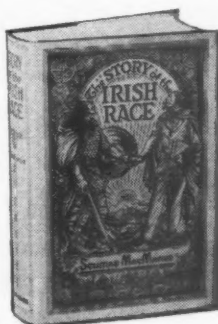
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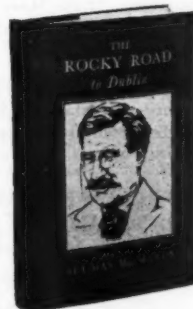
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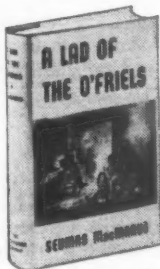
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DOYLE HENNESSY

TWENTY-FOUR AMERICAN CARDINALS

By Brendan A. Finn. 475 pages. Bruce
Humphries, Inc. \$5.00

This is a volume of biographical sketches. It deals with the lives of twenty-four cardinals who were either born in the United States or else greatly influenced American Catholic life. It is a book that will fill a real need. It is almost a quarter of a century since a similar work was attempted by the late Dr. James J. Walsh. That book dealt with the lives of only seven cardinals. Hence, the timeliness of the present work.

Mr. Finn has said that it was his hope to avoid producing a reference work. He wanted to produce a book that would interest many types of reader and thus make the lives of these Princes of the Church better known and appreciated. Whether this objective will have been accomplished remains to be seen. It is a difficult task to cram the lives of twenty-four such eminent men into four hundred and seventy-five pages in such a way as to make the resultant story an absorbing chronicle for the average reader. Mr. Finn, however, does succeed in giving a concise and fairly composite picture of American Catholic life during the last one hundred and fifty years through the utterances and deeds of these twenty-four men. The narrative ought to prove interesting for those whose knowledge of American Catholic Church history is sketchy and limited.

IGNATIUS RYAN, C. P.

WITH LOVE, PETER

By Christopher Hollis. 221 pages.
The Declan X. McMullen Co.
\$2.50

The publisher's blurb calls Christopher Hollis' new book a novel. Unconventional in form, they admit, but a novel nonetheless. Yet if literary terms are to keep any meaning, this is not a novel. A collection of fictional letters, yes, and charming and witty ones at that. A series of informal and personal essays on every topic under the sun, yes, and highly successful; arch and knowledgeable, full of the best kind of writing that that genre will admit of. But not a novel. Difficult as that form is to define, the word connotes at the very least a complication of incident and development of character communicated to the reader as a felt reality. There is no complication of incident here, not the sem-

blance of plot, not the slightest taste of suspense. There is only a sequence of events, and indeed a very slight one.

Ruth and Peter, twins, grow up, marry, raise families. Comes World War II and both lose their spouses. Brother Peter takes to writing letters to sister Ruth in which the growing up of her children, especially a son Martin, plays some part. Such is the story line, a fragile thread of fiction at best, but no real story at all. The nearest thing to what novel readers think of as a character is the nephew Martin, who uses bad words, falls in love with a married woman, gets missing in the war, and has a disturbing and maturing experience during the civil disturbances in Greece. But all of this we hear about when brother Peter writes to sister Ruth and it is all mixed up with a lot of intellectually avuncular moralizings. We never get within a mile of Martin, and Mr. Hollis scarcely within a mile of writing a novel.

But if you like comment on politics and religion, war and peace, love and life and death, you will find it here unabashed on every page, though in somewhat the tone of protest which has become unfortunately characteristic of the minority report from Catholic England. Hollis is still one of those delightful minor prophets crying in the same wilderness in which Chesterton and Belloc raised their apocalyptic voices. More power to him. But let's not make him a novelist. EUGENE J. MOLLOY

SHORT NOTICES

THE MADONNA IN ART. Introduction by Henri Gheon with notices by Renee Zeller. 148 full page plates. Continental Book Center. \$15.00. This large volume achieves something few art works do: it elevates Marian art to the devotional level that is its due. It is as though the works of inspired masters from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century were gathered in one magnificent gallery, and lest it be a merely artistic triumph, a vista of glory never yet seen, it is as though the late Henri Gheon took us by the arm, said, "Let me be your guide," and then, painting by painting, began his quietly beautiful reflections on the Mother of God, his penetrating comments on how near or how far in relation to the ideal each artist stands in translating to canvass her who is the glory of a fallen race. And for those who are catalog-minded, on leaving the gallery there is a concise notice on each painting, telling its pedigree. Truly a beautiful volume in mechanical production, in artistic selection, in spiritual good taste.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI: THE LEG-
ENDS AND LAUDS. Edited, selected, and
annotated by Otto Karrer. 302 pages. Sheed
& Ward. \$3.00. In 1211 St. Francis spoke
to his sons with words which we might
easily imagine falling from the lips of Pius
XII as he addresses the Christian world of
the twentieth century: "For we are called
to heal the wounded, to tend the maimed,
and to bring home those who have lost

their way—for many who today seem to us children of the devil will also be disciples of Christ." And just as St. Francis' message is still timely, so too is his spirit. Men still need the lesson of his reckless dependence upon God's Providence; men's hearts will still warm to the beauty of his romance with Lady Poverty. Mr. Karrer has given us the best from all the great Franciscan masterpieces: the *Legend of the Three Companions*, Celano's Lives, Brother Leo's Writings, Bonaventure's *Legenda Major*, the Fioretti, and St. Francis' own words.

THE HUMAN WISDOM OF ST. THOMAS. Arranged by Josef Pieper. 111 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.00. Mr. Pieper is an optimist who credits Catholic readers with a rugged intellectuality. He has compiled 531 weighty philosophical remarks made by St. Thomas, presented them without commentary, and challenged us to think them out for ourselves. It is doubtful whether many who do not already know St. Thomas' thought will be able to accept so difficult an assignment. But for those who can master it, there is concentrated wisdom in these pages, thought-laden dicta which might bring a pointed termination to many a repetitious argument, and even the materials for an intellectual parlor game—it would be fun to take a saying like "All fear arises from the love of something," toss it into a group of willing commentators, and then see if the game uncovers some budding John of St. Thomas.

THE MYSTICAL BODY. By M. Eugene Boylan, O. Cist. R. 129 pages. The Newman Bookshop. \$1.75. As was the case in *This Tremendous Lover*, the theme of Father Boylan's latest work can be summed up in a quotation of St. Augustine who wrote, "All men are one man in Christ, and the unity of Christians constitutes but one man. . . . And this man is all men and all are this man; for all are one since Christ is one." Accordingly, this little treatise is an effort at explaining the principle of solidarity as it applies to the Incarnation, Redemption, the sacramental system, and a Christian's union with Christ and his fellowmen. The text is illumined with apt quotes from St. Thomas and, while not remarkable for any unusual profundity, it glows with the warmth which Father Boylan always communicates to his writings.

REVIEWERS

JOSEPH P. CONLIN, experienced conciliator of labor disputes, teaches at the University of Baltimore and at Loyola College.

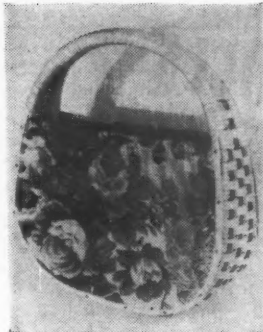
RALPH LOMBARDI, M.A., is an instructor in Political Science and International Relations at Seton Hall College.

EUGENE LYONS, former editor of *American Mercury*, wrote *Assignment in Utopia* and *The Red Decade*.

REV. EUGENE J. MOLLOY, M.A., is an instructor in English at Cathedral College.

EVA J. ROSS, Ph.D., authoress of several sociological works, will soon publish a new textbook, *Sociology and Social Problems*.

LOIS SLADE, free lance literary critic, lives in Dubuque, Iowa.



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FICTION IN FOCUS

by JOHN S. KENNEDY

My Uncle Jan

by Joseph Auslander and
Audrey Wurdemann

► Father Day, of New York, never heard of Jan Horak, of New Bohemia, Wisconsin. Nevertheless, the two are, if not blood relatives, at least ink relatives. Different in certain respects, they are alike in masterful temperament and resounding roaring. Toward the close of the nineteenth century, Jan came to America from Bohemia and pioneered a settlement of his countrymen. In that settlement he became rich, prominent, powerful. An eventful year in his life is here recorded, the narrator being a ten-year-old nephew.

The record is by no means a tightly knit novel, but a series of sketches loosely linked and called a novel. Jan dominates them all, with his bluster, his prodigious appetite, his notions which begin so impressively and end so ludicrously, his naïveté where women are concerned, his bent for stentorian utterance. Initially amusing, he becomes rather wearing. More durable is the interest the book prompts in the customs, the holy days, the proverbs, the prejudices, the beliefs and superstitions, the social code, and the appetizingly described food of a vigorous Bohemian colony. The humor is consistently subtle, occasionally of the slapstick category. The priest's amazingly lax attitude toward missing Mass on Christmas is not too strange in view of a number of other markedly peculiar comments on religion found elsewhere in the book. (Longmans, Green. \$2.75)

The Golden Hawk

by Frank Yerby

► The ineffable silliness of the typical costume extravaganza which sells by the hundreds of thousands of copies today is nowhere better illustrated than in this calculatingly constructed example of the synthetic species. Its intellectual content is nil; the mind must be put in mothballs during one's perusal of it, with only the eyes and the imagination functioning. It has no contemporary or personal significance, none of the universality of art. It is blankly amoral. It garishly counterfeits the seventeenth-century Caribbean world, thus providing no end of trumpery romance.

The title character, one Kit Gerado, is a preternaturally stalwart and handsome young man—a blond blend; it is

soberly stated, of Mercury and Hercules. He hates and vengefully pursues a swarthy fiend known as Don Luis del Toro. Two women (of many) are featured. The first in a luscious redhead who commands her own privateer ship, lashing the crew into submission with a lethal whip. The second is an ethereal brunette. Kit loves both—how can he choose between them? Del Toro dishonors the first and marries the second. In the climactic chapter, after a sickening parade of the sadistic cruelty which this sort of novel now slings out automatically, the quartet meets (just as in the last act of *Rigoletto*). Del Toro is none other than Kit's father! The wretch dies. The brunette, a little batty, sprints into a convent. And the redhead falls drooling into Kit's arms.

This mess is an adult equivalent of the obnoxious comic book, a deleterious combination of narcotic and aphrodisiac, a piece of grotesque fakery for morons to gorge on. It is all too representative of a kind of trash which makes one wonder just how much of a blessing literacy is. (Dial. \$3.00)

The Pleasant Morning Light

by Josephine Lawrence

The Strange Blooming

by Francis Rufus Bellamy

► Both these novels are concerned with marriage. Miss Lawrence is treating the popular belief that, for a woman, just to be married is a proof of success and normality, whereas not to be married convicts one of abnormality and failure. She sketches a segment of middle-class society in an American city and spotlights therein three cousins. These young women are between twenty-five and thirty. They fear that their chances of marriages are rapidly disappearing and they feel the constant pressure of opinion (from their immediate families, their other relatives, their friends, their business associates, and the generality of people) to the effect that they must get married or be indelibly branded as neurotic. One makes an unpromising marriage which turns out well; the second marries a rotter simply for the sake of becoming a Mrs.; the third accepts a masterful lout, finds life with him unendurable, and commits suicide.

The author's purpose is to attack the notion that one marries simply to be

married, without regard for the moral character of marriage, for love, or for children. This she accomplishes, in a bleak, plodding, contrived narrative, the characters in which are but types so lacking in personal identification as to allow (on page 234) the name of one to be applied to another.

Mr. Bellamy, too, has a thesis: namely, that one must live according to the imperious dictates of one's basic emotions. Julian Cortwright, about forty, prides himself on his honesty. His position as a bank president was achieved thereby. But an encounter with a girl employed by the bank shows him that his marriage is dishonest. He and his wife no longer love each other, whereas he and this new girl do love each other. The only thing to do is to break with his wife and marry the girl. But his wife will not give him up, and public opinion is against him.

Here again the character of marriage is grossly misunderstood, this time by the author, who evidently does not know that marriage is an irrevocable exchange of rights not in the least affected by a change of feelings. More fundamental is the mistaken assumption that the individual is autonomous, that he must frame, and be governed by, his own special moral code drawn exclusively from a study of himself.

(Whittlesey House. \$3.00) (Dutton. \$3.00)

Great Mischief

by Josephine Pinckney

► Despite its fastidious style, this is a deplorable book because of a would-be light and sophisticated approach to such grim realities as evil, the Devil, and Hell. Set in Charleston in 1886, it follows the downward course of Timothy Partridge, an apothecary, who first toys with black magic, then becomes deeply enmeshed in the activities of the nether world, and finally flings himself into Satan's welcoming embrace. While Timothy is tentatively dabbling in evil, the reader can watch with apprehensive fascination. But once he crosses the border into the realm of wickedness, there is something radically, fatally wrong with the book, for the whimsicality of the treatment is grossly inept. This ineptitude is manifest even to one who has not thought searchingly and logically on the nature of evil, for the work goes to pieces, it limps, it distractedly backtracks, it peters out in protracted anticlimax.

No one would find such a handling of so consequential a theme more ridiculous than the Devil himself. It muddles what should be, and be kept, crystal clear. It is skittishly farcical about what is of the utmost seriousness. It rehearses virtually every nonsensical notion about evil which has ever been fashioned for the deception of men.

(Viking. \$2.75)

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Abram, Son of Torah

by Florance Maryne Bauer

► In *Behold Your King* the author produced the least objectionable of recent novels touching on the life of Christ. Now she turns to the Old Testament and elaborates a fictional history for Abram. Genesis tells us almost nothing of Abram before his seventy-fifth year, but here his boyhood, youth, and early manhood are imaginatively reconstructed in such detail as to cover more than four hundred pages of small type.

The principal object of this highly colored narrative is to show Abram's disillusionment with pagan polytheism and his gradual conversion to belief in the one true God. This process is credibly presented. But it is almost overwhelmed in the lavish description of life in Mesopotamia about 2000 B.C. Whereas this is impressive by reason of its evidence both of a distinctive civilization and of the fundamental sameness of human nature in all eras, there is a tendency to lapse into a jargon hard to follow without a glossary and, incongruously, to combine elements of ancient and modern idiom. Moreover, in the interest of romance, the author resorts to the flamboyance of the popular so-called historical novel. Arbitrary, of mediocre literary worth, this is reasonably engaging and rather edifying. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00)

Bodies and Souls

by Maxence Van Der Meersch

► The one charge which can never be laid to M. Van Der Meersch's novel is that it is hackneyed. It is an exhaustive, unsparing account of medical theory, practice, and ethics in almost every conceivable circumstance. Its central ideas are two: first, that self-love is crippling, lethal, and that only in love of others (leading to love of God) is there growth and fulfillment; second, that modern medicine is so preoccupied with the violent, local treatment of symptoms as to disregard the basic conditions (in the organism, as in society) which occasion the various derangements plaguing our contemporaries. The validity of the first idea is plain; that of the second can hardly be determined by the layman. At any rate, the ideas are fleshed with a plethora of case histories, fully and unmincingly set forth and neatly worked together.

In the foreground are an atheistic egotist and his family. This man's pride and selfishness damage the lives of two of his children, but the third works out his salvation, and eventually the father sees the error of his ways. Symphonically interwoven with this main plot are a number of subplots, each with its own principals. The end product is a fascinating, thought-provoking novel; abounding in clinical particulars which many will find too strong for their taste. (Pellegrini and Cudaby, \$3.75)

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WEEP NOT FOR ME

(Continued from Page 20)

Michael all the time. After all, he taught me a lot when we were boys."

It was good. Yes, and even if it was a little vain to take such pleasure, she supposed the Bishop must know how his kind words filled her heart. "It's funny," she said, "but it's good to be sitting like this, the two of us. You know, just a little while ago, we were discussing your coming here — Mrs. Moore and I — and we couldn't exactly decide whether we were supposed to address you as 'Your Excellency' or 'Your Grace.' Which is it, really?"

"Let Mrs. Moore worry about that," the Bishop said, "because it's not an important thing. Just between the two of us, Mrs. O'Neil, I'd prefer you to call me George."

They could hear the Monsignor coming down the hall. "He's made me very happy, too, the Monsignor has," she whispered hurriedly, "but please don't tell him about us yet, will you?"

The Bishop smiled. "Eating again?" the Monsignor said. "It is an old weakness I've renewed," the Bishop said.

Father Gibrowski always took boiled eggs for breakfast after Mass, while Father Phelan chose fried. "Three and a half minutes on the dot," said Mrs. Moore, "for Father Gibrowski's eggs. And light on the toast."

Mrs. O'Neil said nothing. The morning was fine. The sun washed bright the breakfast room, where the young priests sat together. Because of the schedule of Masses, there were many breakfasts to prepare. But it was a pleasant, almost a treasured time, Sunday morning, of talk and newspaper reading, and review of last night's big event.

"The Bishop," said Mrs. Moore, lingering, "is a gentleman from his head to the tips of his toes. Do you not think that everything went smoothly, Father Phelan?"

"Handsomely," the young man said. "Just fine."

"It was a night I'll remember," said Mrs. Moore. "But just as I said to Mrs. O'Neil, there's one thing I never exactly got straight, I must confess—whether to call him 'Excellency,' Father Phelan, or call him, 'Your Grace.'"

But Father Phelan was not much help. "Yes, I know," he said, "sometimes it's tough." He turned a page of the newspaper.

"And did you see the Bishop last night, Mrs. O'Neil?" said Mrs. Moore.

"I did," said Mrs. O'Neil.

"Oh, you did?" She was surprised.

"And what did you call him, Mrs. O'Neil?"

"I called him George," said Mrs. O'Neil. She walked back to the kitchen and took the boiled eggs out of the pot.

(Copyright "Good Housekeeping," May, 1947)

DAY OF THE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 35)

the feeling of shock was not immediately apparent until she began to notice how her glance kept returning to the date of the note, as though it were precious or possessed of special meaning. Then she knew. 1940 had been the first year she was Mowbray's girl . . .

Slowly the remaining pages turned under her fingers. There were no more adverse reports. Apparently Comrade Randall had been given a clean bill-of-health. She closed the folder. She wished she had never opened it. It seemed to her that until she read Mowbray's note, betraying her even while she was living with him, her present course had been relatively clear. Unable to subscribe any longer to the Party as such, although she still believed in its ideas, she had seen herself remaining in it, perhaps as a reformer, perhaps only because there was little else she could do; only because she did not want to be likened to the others leaving the sinking ship.

It was darker outside in the Square, as though some of the electric signs had gone off. This made her glance at the clock and she saw it was almost twelve. For an indefinite moment of time the nearer noises of the city seemed hushed. Distantly, an elevated grumbled and somewhere once in the heart of the dark city a bird called sharply as though in pain.

The failure, she decided, was one in human relations. It had taken her all of this night in the office and ten years to know. They had been willing to mortgage the happiness and lives of themselves and their contemporaries for a mythical kind of economic security. Nor was it that simple, she knew. It was the idea become the Party or the State and everything subordinated to it, life, reason, love, and hope. She would like to believe that her sense of personal betrayal—although it had occurred seven years ago—had nothing to do with her feeling now. But that was asking of herself the impossible; it was falling into that same error the Party had, of trying to divorce decisions, methods, and achievement from people and their feelings.

What she could salvage from her life she did not know. At thirty-one, she felt much older and she supposed that in a way she was. Once she had been a trained case worker and she supposed that with the help of her discipline and by a redirection of that drive she possessed, she might achieve again an orderly and useful life. But tired there in the half-lit office, she was not sure that she could.

She decided to leave the place, if only because clean air was the nearest and most immediate thing that might aid

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her. The calendar, as she stood up, still showed April 30. She thought of tearing that page off, a habit she followed when she worked late in the office, a kind of symbol, she now thought, of that constant preoccupation of theirs with tomorrow and the future. Now she decided not to tear the page off this time. That would make it May 1, May Day with all that it implied or used to imply. There would be no parading this year . . . and standing over the desk for a moment before switching off the light, she remembered the crowds surging in the Square in other years, marching fourteen abreast down the avenues, and the banners of a simplicity as monolithic as their thought. SOLIDARITY, the banners had said; and again, UNITE. And the older men with heavy canes in hand as they marched, the girls calling hoarsely from under the banners.

The light switch turned in her hand and she moved through familiar darkness toward the door. As she opened it, a clock outside in the Square began to strike twelve. By the time she got down the two flights of stairs to the street it would be May Day, the day of the people, the day, as she had once told a crowd from her soapbox, that for her had taken the place of Christmas and of Easter.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

(Continued from Page 41)

...?" God forgive me, I examined that girl as if she had the seven plagues, or might have. I said finally, "Nan, how are you feeling?"

"Wonderful," Nan said.

"You look it. The sea air, of course." Man's eyes reproached me.

"You're not as stupid as that," she said.

"We mustn't keep your hubby waiting," I said. "I'll go out and talk to him."

"Well?" Gil put it to me.

"The miracle, Gil, thank God."

Gil breathed hard. I saw the tears in his eyes; I saw the look he had that day when Nan came up the aisle, lovely in her veil and with a shower bouquet of spring flowers.

"She looks pretty durable now," I said, "but take care of her, Gil."

"You're telling me," Gil said.

"I'm telling you," I said.

They seemed almost relieved, though they protested against it, that I should be going back to town immediately. At the station, when they saw me off, Nan got me aside for a moment.

"Thanks, Bill," she said, and her lips were quivering. "You do make nice mousetraps."

I knew she knew. But to this day I doubt if Gil has any suspicion. Well, at least I told him no lies; malignancy of the spirit can also be fatal.

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

with Catholic athletes, committee men, coaches, trainers, etc. and will be grateful for any assistance.

It is hoped that there will be three or four centers in London for information, rest rooms, refreshments, and so on. It is also hoped to see that all religious facilities are available within easy reach of the Stadium.

JAMES WALSH, Chairman

The Olympic Games Sub-Committee
c/o THE CATHOLIC TIMES
173/5 Fleet St.
London, E.C.4, England

Civil Rights

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read the article on Civil Rights that appeared in the March issue of THE SIGN. It is a very interesting presentation of this highly controversial subject and also most timely.

J. HOWARD MCGRATH
Democratic National Committee
Washington, D. C.

Woman to Woman

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I read with much interest in THE SIGN magazine of January the views on peace by Katherine Burton and agree fully with letting women make peace.

BEATRICE LAUGHLIN

Bay Shore, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Even though Katherine Burton's column may be titled "Woman to Woman," I find it interesting even as Woman to Man. I feel that in reading it I have received much inspiration without betraying the cause of my own sex. Keep up the good work.

VINCENT A. CORSALL

Oswego, N. Y.

Our Lady of Fatima

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

All the Marshall Plans and Relief Aids to Turkey, Greece, and China, necessary as they are, without Fatima, will be to no avail. The plea which sounded forth from Fatima must not be denied. It is the only solution to the scourge which now threatens the world.

Can we afford to ignore in silence a favor asked of us by the Mother of God? Who of us dares to let a wish of the Blessed Virgin go unheeded?

If all the Catholic publications were to start a campaign to inform all the peoples of the world about the Message and Promise of Fatima, it would still not reach everyone.

I suggest that the Message be "sold" to the public. This can be accomplished by using nationally known magazines and newspapers to "advertise" Fatima.

EDWIN M. FARRELL

Torrington, Conn.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

A short time ago, plans were made at Duquesne University for the formation of a Rosary League dedicated to Our Lady of Fatima. The primary purpose of the League is the recitation of the rosary for the conversion of Russia, prevention of a third World War, and the return of the peoples of the world to God.

This Rosary League is not ours. It belongs neither to us nor to our school. It is Mary's. It belongs in every Catholic school in our nation. The moral and social conditions of the world aggravate the already urgent need for some sort of concrete action to bring the peoples of the world back to a realization of their Maker. We believe that the Rosary League is such action. Because of its genuine value, because of its very nature, it cannot

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Possibly you will receive two mite boxes. Please do not return the extra one. Do an act of charity. Ask a friend to accept the box. Tell them the Passionist Missionaries in Hunan, China, need the pennies to help Christ's poor -- to alleviate suffering humanity such as the little girl you see portrayed in the above picture.

F. Emmanuel Trainor, C.P.

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For
The Missions

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Student Directors

The Rosary League
Duquesne University

Albert Eisele

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

We enjoyed the story by Albert Eisele entitled "The Seal of the Benedict" which appeared in your January issue. Please give us more of his stories.

FRANCISCAN SISTERS

Topawa, Cowlic, Arizona
Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

Plea for Beads

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Please send in your "extra" rosary or rosaries (the ones not being used that are lying around the house), to either of the following addresses: The Family Rosary, 923 Madison Ave., Albany 3, N. Y. or Mr. P. M. Chudy, c/o Carmelite Fathers, 6428 Dante Ave., Chicago 37, Ill. Put rosary or rosaries in envelope, stamp it, and drop it in any mail box. (We also accept broken rosaries or even pieces, and might add that some people like to purchase inexpensive new ones and send them in.)

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Chicago, Ill.

Appreciation

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I take the opportunity to express my appreciation and admiration for your (in my estimation) perfect magazine. It seems to improve every month. I consider it to be the ideal periodical for the Catholic university student who wishes to be well informed on the Church's attitude toward present-day political and social questions.

DANTE LENARDON

Edmonton, Alberta

Gretta Palmer

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I urge you to publish Gretta Palmer's article, "Why I Became A Catholic," in pamphlet form.

It is a thrilling exposition of a brilliant mind at work in searching for a philosophy to sustain itself and finding fulfillment in the doctrines of the Catholic Church.

LAWRENCE VINCENT COUTERNO

Riverdale, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I would like you to know that I thoroughly enjoy THE SIGN. I particularly appreciated Gretta Palmer's "Why I Became A Catholic."

(MISS) MARION REPICKY

Yonkers, N. Y.

Truman Cover

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Would you please tell me why President Truman's picture was on the May 1947 issue of THE SIGN? Did he ever do anything for your order or for any other Catholic?

MRS. J. REDDAW

Amityville, L. I., N. Y.

Hearst Again

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

The publication of Lillian Freiwald's letter in defense of William Randolph Hearst in the March issue of THE SIGN has me perplexed. Miss Freiwald opines that Mr. Hearst "does the wrong things with a right motive." How she happens to know Hearstian motives is not explained, but it is helpful that such an enthusiast for the Hearst press at least admits that Hearst does the wrong things.

PAUL HUNTER

Hoboken, N. J.

"Praying Always For You"—Col. 1, 3.

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Spiritual Security

OUR Divine Lord warned us that the children of this world are often wiser than the children of light.

Today insurance, social security, old-age pensions wisely provide necessary material help. Too often, in our eagerness to take care of our physical needs, we overlook spiritual aids.

Only God's grace and our own personal efforts can secure our salvation and sanctification. But we can be assisted by others.

The Passionist Societies offer an opportunity to share in the Masses, prayers, and good works of men dedicated to God and to the service of their neighbors.

You may enroll yourself, your relatives or friends, or your departed. No matter how much we are loved by those dear to us, after death we are soon forgotten.

PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES
P. O. Box 41
Union City, New Jersey

Enclosed is offering of \$..... Please enroll

☐ Dead
☐ Living

as a Passionist Benefactor.

Enrolled by

Street

City or Town.....State.....

(Mark name enrolled with x living or dead)

Bring Them Peace



Children of China have never known peace. The Japanese waged war on the homeland for eight years. For three years now the Reds have promoted violence. There is a dread of future events. Patience is characteristic of the Chinese, but never-ceasing, barking guns on earth, zooming planes in fair skies presage only sorrow and useless suffering. What a blessing it would be to this chaotic world if we could make their future secure.

You can help! Enlist in Catholic Action! Catholics form the barrier to hold back the advance of world revolution. Let us act together. We must use every means to promote peace. Bring relief to suffering humanity! Join the Passionist Missionaries in broadcasting the love of Jesus Crucified to this unhappy nation. Get a new Subscriber for THE SIGN. Renew your Subscription! Send a Donation for China! Don't delay! Today!

The Passionist Missions in China
The Sign **Union City, N. J.**



